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From the Philadelphia Casket.

The Ocean Wreck.

A Sketch.

BY JOHN S. DU SOLLE.

The sun rose up that morn in his might,
And he lit up the panting billows;
Yet his brow it was calm, and his smile it was bright,
As he looked on the wretches from yesternight,
Grappling with Death, in the cruel fight,
With the planks for their dying pillows!
Oh! God, but the daggers he must have seat,
As the gurgling waters
Crept in, and their ears with a death-shout rent:
As fathers, as sisters, as daughters,
As wife, or as mother,
Lay gasping and struggling amid the wild-waste,
Or were torn from their fastenings, and swallowed in haste!
Whilst with up-[illegible] look, and despairing eye,
And shrieks of maddening agony,
They called upon each other!
O! was it not cruel then to see
The bright sun mocking their misery?

He might on a joy-scene have looked, and not
Where his gaze met the broken-hearted;
Where all that he looked on, with death was fraught;
Taunting the dying with hopes that were naught;
And pointing with bubbles the very spot
Where each life-breath parted!
Oh, he might have looked on some different scene
Some smiling shore, or some shining river—
For Death, O! Death, where thy hand hath been,
Silence should reign, and gloom be ever!
I cannot brook
That thou should'st look
On Evening's crowd of crimson blushes;
Nor yet where Day
So gorgeously
Through the blue sky in all his glory gushes!
I would have thee approach in Night's darkest hour,
When silence sits brooding on all below;
When Earth has no charms, and her spells no power;
When the life-blood creeps stagnantly to and fro;
When existence itself seemeth tottering, as though,
It rocked not to stay, and yet liked not to go!
Aye! then thou might'st come, with thy blasting breath,
Thou would'st have no spy on thy deeds, O Death!
No tell-tale look, and no curious eye,
To rob thee of thy mystery!

'T is over! and now, with a saucy curl
Where the sunbeam hath lit up the ocean
The foam-top glitters like molten pearl;
While a shivery, tremulous, motion,
Like the fluttering heart of a frightened girl,
Is all that is left of that tempest-whirl,
And that tempest-whirl's commotion.
'T is over! but where is the life and the light
O'er the becoming waters hurried.
When the Storm-King was out like a fiend, that night!
When billow on billow, in one mad fight,
Like mountain on mountain, as if in spite
He piled up, and idly buried?
A shadowy form in the distance rides,
Half traced in the liquid mirror,
As a spectral form in a vision glides,—
While nearer and nearer,
The sea-bird swoops to its gaping sides—
And hark! as its loneliness greets his eye,
How his shrill voice rings through the troubled sky!
That form so flickering, figureless, dark,
It cannot be all of that once brave barque!
The graceful curve of the bending waist,
The snowy-white canvass, the tapering mast,
The bird-like lightness, the buoyant spring,
Can ye find them now in that shapeless thing?
The gay and the beautiful, all that it bore,
In its pride, and its strength, from the distant shore;
Strange!—but they all have passed and gone!
A few short hours and hearts were bounding
That now are motionless and lone!
The haughty step, and the laughing eye,
The voice where Music's self seemed sounding,
Oh! these were too beautiful thus to die!
Methinks the frail barque on the billow borne,
Like a plumeless bird in the fowler's snare,
Were a triumph too poor; that fate should scorn
To crush the weak, nor the helpless spare;
And yet, on them all, and one by one,
The tempest its work of wrath hath done!
Hath poured out its vial; hath wrought its ill
Hath gorged of death to its utmost fill;
Hath glutted on all with a foul-fiend's joy,
And fatted on human agony!

Philadelphia, December, 13th, 1839.

From the Knickerbocker.

MOUNTJOY:

Or some Passages out of the Life of a Castle Builder.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

For a day or two after the mortifying occurrence mentioned in the last number, I kept as much as possible out of the way of the family, and wandered about the fields and woods by myself. I was sadly out of tune: my feelings were all jarred and unstrung. The birds sang from every grove, but I took no pleasure in their melody; and the flowers of the field bloomed unheeded around me. To be engrossed in love, is bad enough; but then one can fly to poetry for relief; and turn one's woes to account in soul-subduing stanzas. But to have one's whole passion object and all, annihilated, dispelled, proved to be such stuff as dreams are made of—or, worse than all, to be turned into a proverb and a jest—what consolation is there in such a case?

I avoided the fatal brook where I had seen the footstep. My favorite resort was now the banks of the Hudson, where I sat upon the rocks, and mused upon the current that dimpled by, or the waves that laved the shore; or watched the bright mutations of the clouds, and the shifting lights and shadows of the distant mountain. By degrees, a returning serenity stole over my feelings; and a sigh now and then, gentle and easy, and unattended by pain, showed that my heart was recovering its susceptibility.

As I was sitting in this musing mood, my eye became gradually fixed upon an object that was borne along by the tide. It proved to be a little pinnace, beautifully modeled, and gaily painted and decorated. It was an unusual sight in this neighborhood, which was rather lonely; indeed, it was rare to see any pleasure bark in this part of the river. As it drew nearer, I perceived that there was no one on board; it had apparently drifted from its anchorage. There was not a breath of air; the little bark came floating along on the glassy stream, wheeling about with the eddies. At length it ran around, almost at the foot of the rock on which I was seated. I descended to the margin of the river, and drawing the bark to shore, admired its light and elegant proportions, and the taste with which it was fitted up. The benches were covered with cushions, and its long streamer was of silk. On one of the cushions lay a lady's glove, of delicate size and shape, and beautifully tapered fingers. I instantly seized it and thrust it in my bosom; it seemed a match for the fairy footstep that had so fascinated me.

In a moment, all the romance of my bosom was in a glow. Here was one of the very incidents of fairy tale; a bark sent by some invisible power, some good genius, or benevolent fairy, to waft me to some delectable adventure. I recollected something of an enchanted bark, drawn by white swans, that conveyed a knight down the current of the Rhine, on some enterprise connected with love and beauty. The glove, too, showed that there was a lady fair concerned in the present adventure. It might be a gauntlet of defiance, to dare me to the enterprise.

In the spirit of romance, and the whim of the moment, I sprang on board, hoisted the light sail, and pushed from shore. As if breathed by some presiding power, a light breeze at that moment sprang up, swelled out the sail, and dallied with the silken streamer. For a time I glided along under steep umbrageous banks, or across deep sequestered bays; and then stood out over a wide expansion of the river, toward a high rocky promontory. It was a lovely evening; the sun was setting in a congregation of clouds that threw the whole heavens in a glow, and were reflected in the river. I delighted myself with all kinds of fantastic fancies, as to what enchanted island, or mystic bower, or necromantic palace, I was to be conveyed by the fairy bark.

In the revel of my fancy, I had not noticed that the gorgeous congregation of clouds which had so much delighted me, was in fact a gathering thunder-gust. I perceived the truth too late. The clouds came hurrying on, darkening as they advanced. The whole face of nature was suddenly changed, and assumed that baleful and livid tint, predictive of a storm. I tried to gain the shore, but before I could reach it, a blast of wind struck the water, and lashed it at once into foam. The next moment it overtook the boat. Alas! I was nothing of a sailor; and my protecting fairy forsook me in the moment of peril. I endeavored to lower the sail, but in so doing, I had to quit the helm; the bark was overturned in an instant, and I was thrown into the water. I endeavored to cling to the wreck, but missed my hold; being a poor swimmer, I soon found myself sinking, but grasped a light oar that was floating by me. It was not sufficient for my support; I again sank beneath the surface; there was a rushing and bubbling sound in my ears, and all sense forsook me.

How long I remained insensible, I know not. I had a confused notion of being moved and tossed about, and of hearing strange beings and strange voices around me; but all was like a hideous dream. When I at length recovered full consciousness and perception, I found myself in bed, in a spacious chamber, furnished with more taste than I had been accustomed to. The bright rays of a morning sun were intercepted by curtains of a delicate rose color, that gave a soft, voluptuous tinge to every object. Not far from my bed, on a classic tripod, was a basket of beautiful exotic flowers, breathing the sweetest fragrance.

"Where am I? How came I here?"

I tasked my mind to catch at some previous event, from which I might trace up the thread of existence to the present moment. By degrees I called to mind the fairy pinnace, my daring embarkation, my adventurous voyage, and my disastrous shipwreck. Beyond that, all was chaos. How came I here? What unknown region had I landed upon? The people that inhabited it must be gentle and amiable, and of elegant tastes, for they loved downy beds, fragrant flowers, and rose-colored curtains.

While I lay thus musing, the tones of a harp reached my ear. Presently they were accompanied by a female voice. It came from the room below; but in the profound stillness of my chamber, not a modulation was lost. My sisters were all considered good musicians, and sang very tolerably; but I had never heard a voice like this. There was no attempt at difficult execution, or striking effect; but there were exquisite inflections, and tender turns, which art could not reach. Nothing but feeling and sentiment could produce them. It was soul breathed forth in sounds. I was always alive to the influence of music; indeed, I was susceptible of voluptuous influences of every kind—sounds, colors, shapes, and fragrant odors. I was the very slave of sensation.

I lay mute and breathless, and drank in every note of this syren strain. It thrilled through my whole frame, and filled my soul with melody and love. I pictured to myself, with curious logic, the form of the unseen musician. Such melodious sounds and exquisite inflections could only be produced by organs of the most delicate flexibility. Such organs do not belong to coarse, vulgar forms; they are the harmonious results of fair proportions and admirable symmetry. A being so organised must be lovely.

Again my busy imagination was at work. I called to mind the Arabian story of a prince, borne away during sleep by a good genius, to the distant abode of a princess of ravishing beauty. I do not pretend to say that I believed in having experienced a similar transportation; but it was my inveterate habit to cheat myself with fancies of the kind, and to give the tinge of illusion to surrounding realities.

The witching sound had ceased, but its vibrations still played around my heart, and filled it with a tumult of soft emotions. At this moment, a self-upbraiding pang shot through my bosom. "Ah, recreant!" a voice seemed to exclaim, "is this the stability of thine affections? What! hast thou soon forgotten the nymph of the fountain? Has one song, idly piped in thine ear, been sufficient to charm away the cherished tenderness of a whole summer?"

The wise may smile; but I am in a confiding mood, and must confess my weakness. I felt a degree of compunction at this sudden infidelity, yet I could not resist the power of present fascination. My peace of mind was destroyed by conflicting claims. The nymph of the fountain came over my memory, with all the associations of fairy footsteps, shady groves, soft echoes, and wild streamlets; but this new passion was produced by a strain of soul-subduing melody, still lingering in my ear, aided by a downy bed, fragrant flowers, and rose-colored curtains. "Unhappy youth!" sighed I to myself, "distracted by such rival passions, and the empire of thy heart thus violently contested by the sound of a voice and the print of a footstep!"

I had not remained long in this mood, when I heard the door of the room gently opened. I turned my head to see what inhabitant of this enchanted palace should appear; whether page in green, a hideous dwarf, or haggard fairy. It was my own man Scipio. He advanced with cautious step, and was delighted, as he said, to find me so much myself again. My first questions were as to where I was, and how I came there? Scipio told me a long story of his having been fishing in a canoe, at the time of my hair-brained cruise; of his noticing the gathering squall, and my impending danger; of his hastening to join me, but arriving just in time to snatch me from a watery grave; of the great difficulty in restoring me to animation; and of my being subsequently conveyed, in a state of insensibility, to the mansion.

"But where am I?" was the reiterated demand.

"In the house of Mr. Somerville."

"Somerville—Somerville!" I recollected to have heard that a gentleman of that name had recently taken up his residence at some distance from my father's abode, on the opposite side of the Hudson. He was commonly known by the name of "French Somerville," from having passed part of his early life in France, and from his exhibiting traces of French taste in his mode of living and the arrangements of his house. In fact, it was in his pleasure-boat, which had got adrift, that I had made my fanciful and disastrous cruise. All this was simple, straight-forward matter of fact, and threatened to demolish all the cobweb romance I had been spinning, when fortunately I again heard the tinkling of a harp. I raised myself in bed and listened.

"Scipio," said I, with some little hesitation, "I heard some one singing just now. Who was it?"

"Oh, that was Miss Julia."

"Julia! Julia! Delightful! what a name! And, Scipio—is she—is she pretty?"

Scipio grinned from ear to ear. "Except Miss Sophy, she was the most beautiful lady he had ever seen."

I should observe, that my sister Sophia was considered by all the servants a paragon of perfection.

Scipio now offered to remove the basket of flowers; he was afraid their odor might be too powerful; but Miss Julia had given them that morning to be placed in my room.

Those flowers, then, had been gathered by the fairy fingers of my unseen beauty; that sweet breath which had filled my ear with melody, had passed over them. I made Scipio hand them to me, called several of the most delicate, and laid them on my bosom.

Mr. Somerville paid me a visit not long afterward. He was an interesting study for me, for he was the father of my unseen beauty, and probably resembled her. I scanned him closely. He was a tall and elegant man, with an open, affable manner, and an erect and graceful carriage. His eyes were bluish-gray, and, though not dark, yet at times were sparkling and expressive. His hair was dressed and powdered, and being lightly combed up from his forehead, added to the loftiness of his aspect. He was fluent in discourse, but his conversation had the quiet tone of polished society, without any of those bold flights of thought and picturings of fancy which I had so much admired.

My imagination was a little puzzled at first to make out of this assemblage of personal and mental qualities a picture that should harmonise with my previous idea of the fair unseen. By dint, however, of selecting what it liked, and rejecting what it did not like, and giving a touch here and a touch there, it soon furnished a satisfactory portrait.

"Julia must be tall," thought I, "and of exquisite grace and dignity. She is not quite so courtly as her father, for she has been brought up in the retirement of the country. Neither is she of such vivacious deportment; for the tones of her voice are soft and plaintive, and she loves pathetic music. She is rather pensive—yet not too pensive; but what is called interesting. Her eyes are like her father's, except that they are of a purer blue, and more tender and languishing.—She has light hair—not exactly flaxen, for I do not like flaxen hair, but between that and auburn. In a word, she is a tall, elegant, imposing, languishing, blue-eyed, romantic-looking beauty." And having thus finished her picture, I felt ten times more in love with her than ever.

I felt so much recovered, that I would at once have left my room, but Mr. Somerville objected to it. He had sent early word to my family of my safety; and my father arrived in the course of the morning. He was shocked at learning the risk I had run, but rejoiced to find me so much restored, and was warm in his thanks to Mr. Somerville for his kindness. The other only required, in return, that I might remain two or three days as his guest, to give time for my recovery, and for our forming a closer acquaintance; a request which my father readily granted. Scipio accordingly accompanied my father home, and returned with a supply of clothes, and with affectionate letters from my mother and sisters.

The next morning; aided by Scipio, I made my toilet with rather more care than usual, and descended the stairs with some trepidation, eager to see the original of the portrait which had been so completely pictured in my imagination.

On entering the parlor, I found it deserted.—Like the rest of the house, it was furnished in a foreign style. The curtains were of French silk; there were Grecian couches, marble tables, pier-glasses, and chandeliers. What chiefly attracted my eye, were documents of female taste that I saw around me: a piano, with an ample stock of Italian music; a book of poetry lying on the sofa; a vase of fresh flowers on a table, and a port-folio open with a skilful and half-finished sketch of them. In the window was a Canary bird, in a gilt cage, and near by, the harp that had been in Julia's arms. Happy harp! But where was the being that reigned in this little empire of delicacies?—that breathed poetry and song, and dwelt among birds and flowers, and rose-colored curtains?

Suddenly I heard the hall-door fly open, the quick pattering of light steps, a wild, capricious strain of music, and the shrill barking of a dog. A light frolic nymph of fifteen came tripping into the room, playing on a flageolet, with a little spaniel romping after her. Her gipsy hat had fallen back upon her shoulders; a profusion of glossy brown hair was blown in rich ringlets about her face, which beamed through them with the brightness of smiles and dimples.

At sight of me, she stopped short, in the most beautiful confusion, stammered out a word or two about looking for her father, glided out of the door, and I heard her bounding up the stair-case like a frighted fawn, with the little dog barking after her.

When Miss Somerville returned to the parlor, she was quite a different being. She entered, stealing along by her mother's side with noiseless step, and sweet timidity; her hair was prettily adjusted, and a soft blush mantled on her damask cheek. Mr. Somerville accompanied the ladies, and introduced me regularly to them.—There were many kind inquiries, and much sympathy expressed, on the subject of my nautical accident, and some remarks upon the wild scenery of the neighborhood, with which the ladies seemed perfectly acquainted.

"You must know," said Mr. Somerville, "that we are great navigators, and delight in exploring every nook and corner of the river. My daughter, too, is a great hunter of the picturesque, and transfers every rock and glen to her portfolio.—By the way, my dear, show Mr. Mountjoy that pretty scene you have lately sketched."—Julia complied, blushing, and drew from her port-folio a colored sketch. I almost started at the sight. It was my favorite brook. A sudden thought darted across my mind. I glanced down my eye, and beheld the divinest little foot in the world. Oh, blissful conviction! The struggle of my affections was at an end. The voice and the foot were no longer at variance. Julia Somerville was the nymph of the fountain!

What conversation passed during breakfast, I do not recollect, and was hardly conscious of at the time, for my thoughts were in complete confusion. I wished to gaze on Miss Somerville, but did not dare. Once, indeed, I ventured a glance. She was at that moment darting a similar one from under a covert of ringlets. Our eyes seemed shocked by the rencontre, and fell; hers through the natural modesty of her sex, mine through a bashfulness produced by the previous workings of my imagination. That glance, however, went like a sunbeam to my heart.

A convenient mirror favored my diffidence, and gave me the reflection of Miss Somerville's form. It is true it only presented the back of her head, but she had the merit of an ancient statue; contemplate her from any point of view, she was beautiful. And yet she was totally different from every thing I had before conceived of beauty. She was not the serene, meditative maid that I had pictured the nymph of the fountain; nor the tall, soft, languishing, blue-eyed, dignified being, that I had fancied the minstrel of the harp. There was nothing of dignity about her; she was girlish in her appearance, and scarcely of the middle size; but then there was the tenderness of budding youth; the sweetness of the half-blown rose, when not a tint of perfume has been withered or exhaled! there were smiles and dimples, and all the soft witcheries of ever-varying expression. I wondered that I could ever have admired any other style of beauty.

After breakfast, Mr. Somerville departed to attend to the concerns of his estate; and gave me in charge of the ladies. Mrs. Somerville also was called away by household cares, and I was left alone with Julia! Here then was the situation which of all others I had most coveted. I was in the presence of the lovely being that had so long been the desire of my heart. We were alone; propitious opportunity for a lover! Did I seize upon it? Did I break out in one of my accustomed rhapsodies? No such thing! Never was being more awkwardly embarrassed.

"What can be the cause of this?" thought I. "Surely, I cannot stand in awe of this young girl. I am of course her superior in intellect; and am never embarrassed in company with my tutor, notwithstanding all his wisdom."

It was passing strange. I felt that if she were an old woman, I should be quite at my ease; if she were even an ugly woman, I should make out very well; it was her beauty that overpowered me. How little do lovely women know what awful beings they are, in the eyes of inexperienced youth! Young men brought up in the fashionable circles of our cities will smile at this. Accustomed to mingle incessantly in female society, and to have the romance of the heart deadened by a thousand frivolous flirtations, women are nothing but women in their eyes; but to a susceptible youth like myself, brought up in the country, they are perfect divinities.

Miss Somerville was at first a little embarrassed herself; but, some how or other, women have a natural adroitness in recovering their self-possession; they are more alert in their minds and agreeable in their manners. Beside, I was but an ordinary personage in Miss Somerville's eyes; she was not under the influence of such a singular course of imagings as had surrounded her, in my eyes, with the illusions of romance. Perhaps, too, she saw the confusion in the opposite camp, and gained courage from the discovery.—At any rate, she was the first to take the field.

Her conversation, however, was only on common-place topics, and in an easy, well-bred style. I endeavored to respond in the same manner; but I was strangely incompetent to the task. My ideas were frozen up; even words seemed to fail me. I was excessively vexed at myself, for I wished to be uncommonly elegant. I tried two or three times to turn a pretty thought, or to utter a fine sentiment; but it would come forth so trite, so forced, so mawkish, that I was ashamed of it. My very voice sounded discordantly, though I sought to modulate it into the softest tones. "The truth is," thought I to myself, "I cannot bring my mind down to the small task necessary for young girls; it is too masculine and robust for the mincing measure of parlor gossip. I am a philosopher—and that accounts for it."

The entrance of Mrs. Somerville at length gave me relief. I at once breathed freely, and felt a vast deal of confidence come over me. "This is strange," thought I, "that the appearance of another woman should revive my courage; that I should be a better match for two women than one. However, since it is so, I will take advantage of the circumstance, and let this young lady see that I am not so great a simpleton as she probably thinks me."

I accordingly took up the book of poetry which lay upon the sofa. It was Milton's Paradise Lost. Nothing could have been more fortunate; it afforded a fine scope for my favorite vein of grandiloquence. I went largely into a discussion of its merits, or rather an enthusiastic eulogy of them. My observations were addressed to Mrs. Somerville, for I found I could talk to her with more ease than to her daughter. She appeared perfectly alive to the beauties of the poet, and disposed to meet me in the discussion; but it was not my object to hear her talk—it was to talk myself. I anticipated all she had to say, overpowered her with the copiousness of my ideas, and supported and illustrated them by long citations from the author.

While thus holding forth, I cast a side glance to see how Miss Somerville was affected. She had some embroidery stretched on a frame before her, but had paused in her labor, and was looking down as if lost in mute attention. I felt a glow of self-satisfaction, but I recollected, at the same time, with a kind of pique, the advantage she had enjoyed over me in our tete-a-tete. I determined to push my triumph, and accordingly kept on with redoubled ardor, until I had fairly exhausted my subject, or rather my thoughts.

I had scarce come to a full stop, when Miss Somerville raised her eyes from the work on which they had been fixed, and turning to her mother, observed: "I have been considering, mamma, whether to work these flowers plain, or in colors."

Had an ice-bolt been shot to my heart, it could not have chilled me more effectually. "What a fool," thought I, "have I been making myself—squandering away fine thoughts, and fine language, upon a light mind and an ignorant ear!—This girl knows nothing of poetry. She has no soul, I fear, for its beauties. Can any one have real sensibility of heart, and not be alive to poetry? However, she is young; this part of her education has been neglected: there is time enough to remedy it. I will be her preceptor. I will kindle in her mind the sacred flame, and lead her through the fairy land of song. But, after all, it is rather unfortunate that I should have fallen in love with a woman who knows nothing of poetry."

I passed a day not altogether satisfactory. I was a little disappointed that Miss Sommerville did not show more poetical feeling. "I am afraid, after all," said I to myself, "she is light and girlish, and more fitted to pluck wild flowers, play on the flageolet, and romp with little dogs, than to converse with a man of my turn."

I believe, however, to tell the truth, I was more out of humor with myself. I thought I had made the worst first appearance that ever hero made, either in novel or fairy tale. I was out of patience, when I called to mind my awkward attempts at ease and elegance in the tete-a-tete. And then my intolerably long lecture about poetry, to catch the applause of a heedless auditor! But there I was not to blame. I had certainly been eloquent; it was her fault that the eloquence was wasted. To meditate upon the embroidery of a flower, when I was expatiating on the beauties of Milton! She might at least have admired the poetry, if she did not relish the manner in which it was delivered; though that was not despicable, for I had recited passages in my best style, which my mother and sisters had always considered equal to a play. "Oh, it is evident," thought I, "Miss Somerville has very little soul!"

Such were my fancies and cogitations during the day, the greater part of which was spent in my chamber, for I was still languid. My evening was passed in the drawing-room, where I overlooked Miss Somerville's port-folio of sketches. They were executed with great taste, and showed a nice observation of the peculiarities of nature. They were all her own, and free from those cunning tints and touches of the drawing-master, by which young ladies' drawings, like their heads, are dressed up for company. There was no garish and vulgar trick of colors, either; all was executed with singular truth and simplicity.

"And yet," thought I, "this little being, who has so pure an eye to take in, as a limpid brook, all the graceful forms and magic tints of nature, has no soul for poetry!"

Mr. Somerville, toward the latter part of the evening, observed my eye wander occasionally to the harp, interpreted and met my wishes with his accustomed civility.

"Julia, my dear," said he, "Mr. Mountjoy would like to hear a little music from your harp; let us hear, too, the sound of your voice."

Julia immediately complied, without any of that hesitation and difficulty by which young ladies are apt to make company pay dear for bad music. She sang a sprightly song in a brilliant strain, that came trilling playfully over the ear; and the bright eye and dimpling smile showed her little heart danced with the song. Her pet Canary bird, who hung close by, was wakened by the music, and burst forth into an emulating strain. Julia smiled with a pretty air of defiance, and played louder.

After some time, the music changed, and ran into a plaintive strain, in a minor key. Then it was that all the former witchery of her voice came over me; then it was that she seemed to sing from the heart and to the heart. Her fingers moved about the chords as if they scarcely touched them. Her whole manner and appearance changed; her eyes beamed with the softest expression; her countenance, her frame, all seemed subdued into tenderness. She rose from the harp, leaving it still vibrating with sweet sounds, and moved toward her father, to bid him good night.

His eyes had been fixed on her intently during her performance. As she came before him, he parted her shining ringlets with both his hands, and looked down with the fondness of a father on her innocent face. The music seemed still lingering in its lineaments, and the action of her father brought a moist gleam in her eye. He kissed her fair forehead, after the French mode of parental caressing: "Good night, and God bless you," said he, "my good little girl!"

Julia tripped away, with a tear in her eye, a dimple in her cheek, and a little heart in her bosom. I thought it the prettiest picture of paternal and filial affection I had ever seen.

When I retired to bed, a new train of thoughts crowded into my brain. "After all," said I to myself, "it is clear this girl has a soul, though she was not moved by my eloquence. She has all the outward signs and evidences of poetic feeling. She paints well, and has an eye for nature. She is a fine musician, and enters into the very soul of song. What a pity that she knows nothing of poetry! But we will see what is to be done. I am irretrievably in love with her: what then am I to do? Come down to the level of her mind, or endeavor to raise her to some kind of intellectual equality with myself? That is the most generous course. She will look up to me as a benefactor. I shall become associated in her mind with the lofty thoughts and harmonious graces of poetry. She is apparently docile; beside, the difference of our ages will give me an ascendency over her. She cannot be above sixteen years of age, and I am well turned of twenty." So, having built this most delectable of air-castles, I fell asleep.

The next morning, I was quite a different being. I no longer felt fearful of stealing a glance from Julia: on the contrary, I contemplated her steadily, with the benignant eye of a benefactor. Shortly after breakfast, I found myself alone with her, as I had on the preceding morning; but I felt nothing of the awkwardness of our previous tete-a-tete. I was elevated by the consciousness of my intellectual superiority, and should almost have felt a sentiment of pity for the ignorance of the lovely little being, if I had not felt also the assurance that I should be able to dispel it. "But it is time," thought I, "to open school."

Julia was occupied in arranging some music on her piano. I looked over two or three songs; they were Moore's Irish Melodies.

"These are pretty things," said I, flirting the leaves over lightly, and giving a slight shrug, by way of qualifying the opinion.

"Oh I love them of all things!" said Julia, they're so touching!"

"Then you like them for the poetry," said I, with an encouraging smile.

"Oh yes; she thought them charmingly written."

Now was my time. "Poetry," said I, assuming a didactic attitude and air, "poetry is one of the most pleasing studies that can occupy a youthful mind. It renders us susceptible of the gentle impulses of humanity, and cherishes a delicate perception of all that is virtuous and elevated in morals, and graceful and beautiful in physics. It ——"

I was going on in a style that would have graced a professor of rhetoric, when I saw a light smile playing about Miss Somerville's mouth, and that she began to turn over the leaves of a music-book. I recollected her inattention to my discourse on the previous morning. "There is no fixing her light mind," thought I, "by abstract theory; we will proceed practically." As it happened, the identical volume of Milton's Paradise lost was lying at hand.

"Let me recommend to you, my young friend," said I, in one of those tones of persuasive admonition which I had so often loved in Glencoe, "let me recommend to you this admirable poem: you will find in it sources of intellectual enjoyment far superior to those songs which have delighted you." Julia looked at the book and then at me, with a whimsically dubious air. "Milton's Paradise Lost?" said she; "oh, I know the greater part of that by heart."

I had not expected to find my pupil so far advanced; however, the Paradise Lost is a kind of school-book, and its finest passages are given to young ladies as tasks.

"I find," said I to myself, "I must not treat her as so complete a novice; her inattention, yesterday, could not have proceeded from absolute ignorance, but merely from a want of poetic feeling. I'll try her again."

I now determined to dazzle her with my own erudition, and launched into a harangue that would have done honor to an institute. Pope, Spenser, Chaucer, and the old dramatic writers, were all dipped into, with the excursive flight of the swallow. I did not confine myself to English poets, but gave a glance at the French and Italian schools: I passed over Ariosto in full wing, but paused on Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. I dwelt on the character of Clorinda: "There's a character," said I, "that you will find well worthy a woman's study. It shows to what exalted heights of heroism the sex can rise; how gloriously they may share even in the stern concerns of men."

"For my part," said Julia, gently taking advantage of a pause, "for my part, I prefer the character of Sophronia."

I was thunderstruck. She then had read Tasso! This girl that I had been treating as an ignoramus in poetry! She proceeded, with a slight glow of the cheek, summoned up perhaps by a casual glow of feeling:

"I do not admire those masculine heroines," said she, "who aim at the bold qualities of the opposite sex. Now, Sophronia only exhibits the real qualities of a woman, wrought up to their highest excitement. She is modest, gentle and retiring, as it becomes a woman to be; but she has all the strength of affection proper to a woman. She cannot fight for her people, as Clorinda does, but she can offer herself up and die to serve them. You may admire Clorinda, but you surely would be more apt to love Sophronia; at least," added she, suddenly appearing to recollect herself, and blushing at having launched into such a discussion, "at least, that is what papa observed, when we read the poem together."

"Indeed," said I, dryly, for I felt disconcerted and nettled at being unexpectedly lectured by my pupil; "indeed, I do not exactly recollect the passage."

"Oh," said Julia, "I can repeat it to you;" and she immediately gave it in Italian.

Heavens and earth!—here was a situation! I knew no more of Italian than I did of the language of Psalmanazar. What a dilemma for a would-be-wise man to be placed in! I saw Julia waited for my opinion.

"In fact," said I, hesitating, "I—I do not exactly understand Italian."

"Oh," said Julia, with the utmost naivete, "I have no doubt it is very beautiful in the translation."

I was glad to break up school and get back to my chamber, full of the mortification which a wise man in love experiences on finding his mistress wiser than himself. "Translation! translation!" muttered I to myself, as I jerked the door shut behind me: "I am surprised my father has never had me instructed in the modern languages. They are all-important. What is the use of Latin and Greek? No one speaks them; but here, the moment I make my appearance in the world, a little girl slaps Italian in my face. However, thank Heaven, a language is easily learned. The moment I return home, I'll set about studying Italian; and to prevent future surprise, I will study Spanish and German at the same time; and if any young lady attempts to quote Italian upon me again, I'll bury her under a heap of High Dutch poetry!"

I felt now like some mighty chieftain, who has carried the war into a weak country, with full confidence of success, and been repulsed and obliged to draw off his forces from before some inconsiderable fortress.

"However," thought I, "I have as yet brought only my light artillery into action; we shall see what is to be done with my heavy ordnance. Julia is evidently well versed in poetry; but it is natural she should be so; it is allied to painting and music, and is congenial to the light graces of the female character. We will try her on graver themes."

I felt all my pride awakened; it even for a time swelled higher than my love. I was determined completely to establish my mental superiority, and subdue the intellect of this little being; it would then be time to sway the sceptre of gentle empire, and win the affections of her heart.

Accordingly, at dinner, I again took the field, *en potence*. I now addressed myself to Mr. Somerville, for I was about to enter upon topics in which a young girl like her could not be well versed. I led, or rather forced, the conversation into a vein of historical erudition, discussing several of the most prominent facts of ancient history, and accompanying them with sound, indisputable apothegms.

Mr. Somerville listened to me with the air of a man receiving information. I was encouraged, and went on gloriously from theme to theme of school declamation. I sat with Marius on the ruins of Carthage; I defended the bridge with Horatius Cocles; thrust my hand into the flame with Martinus Scævola, and plunged with Curtius into the yawning gulf; I fought side by side with Leonidas, at the Straits of Thermopylæ; and was going full drive into the battle of Platæa, when my memory, which is the worst in the world, failed me, just as I wanted the name of the Lacedæmonian commander.

"Julia, my dear," said Mr. Somerville, "perhaps you may recollect the name of which Mr. Mountjoy is in quest."

Julia colored slightly: "I believe," said she, in a low voice, "I believe it was Pausanias."

This unexpected sally, instead of reinforcing me, threw my whole scheme of battle into confusion, and the Athenians remained unmolested in the field.

I am half inclined, since, to think Mr. Somerville meant this as a sly hit at my school-boy pedantry; but he was too well bred not to seek to relieve me from my mortification. "Oh!" said he, "Julia is our family book of reference for names, dates and distances, and has an excellent memory for history and geography."

I now became desperate; as a last resort, I turned to metaphysics. "If she is a philosopher in petticoats," thought I, "it is all over with me."

Here, however, I had the field to myself. I gave chapter and verse of my tutor's lectures, heightened by all his poetical illustrations: I even went farther than he had ever ventured, and plunged into such depths of metaphysics that I was in danger of sticking in the mire at the bottom. Fortunately, I had auditors who apparently could not detect my flounderings. Neither Mr. Somerville nor his daughter offered the least interruption.

When the ladies had retired, Mr. Somerville sat some time with me; and as I was no longer anxious to astonish, I permitted myself to listen, and found that he was really agreeable. He was quite communicative, and from his conversation I was enabled to form a juster idea of his daughter's character, and the mode in which she had been brought up. Mr. Somerville had mingled much with the world, and with what is termed fashionable society. He had experienced its cold elegancies, and gay insincerities; its dissipation of the spirits, and squanderings of the heart. Like many men of the world, though he had wandered too far from nature ever to return to it, yet he had the good taste and good feeling to look back fondly to its simple delights, and to determine that his child, if possible, should never leave them. He had superintended her education with scrupulous care, storing her mind with the graces of polite literature, and with such knowledge as would enable it to furnish its own amusement and occupation, and giving her all the accomplishments that sweeten and enliven the circle of domestic life. He had been particularly sedulous to exclude all fashionable affectations; all false sentiment, false sensibility, and false romance. "Whatever advantages she may possess," said he, "she is quite unconscious of them. She is a capricious little being, in every thing but her affections; she is, however, free from art: simple, ingenious, innocent, amiable, and, I thank God! happy!"

Such was the eulogy of a fond father, delivered with a tenderness that touched me. I could not help making a casual inquiry whether, among the graces of polite literature, he had included a slight tincture of metaphysics. He smiled, and told me he had not.

On the whole, when, as usual, that night, I summed up the day's observations on my pillow, I was not altogether dissatisfied. "Miss Somerville," said I, "loves poetry, and I like her the better for it. She has the advantage of me in Italian: agreed; what is it to know a variety of languages, but merely to have a variety of sounds to express the same idea? Original thought is the ore of the mind; language is but the accidental stamp and coinage, by which it is put into circulation. If I can furnish an original idea, what care I how many languages she can translate it into? She may be able, also, to quote names, and dates, and latitudes, better than I; but that is a mere effort of the memory. I admit she is more accurate in history and geography than I; but then she knows nothing of metaphysics."

I had now sufficiently recovered to return home; yet I could not think of leaving Mr. Somerville's without having a little farther conversation with him on the subject of his daughter's education.

"This Mr. Somerville," thought I, "is a very accomplished, elegant man; he has seen a good deal of the world, and, upon the whole, has profited by what he has seen. He is not without information, and, as far as he thinks, appears to think correctly; but after all, he is rather superficial, and does not think profoundly. He seems to take no delight in those metaphysical abstractions that are the proper aliment of masculine minds. I called to mind various occasions in which I had indulged largely in metaphysical discussions, but could recollect no instance where I had been able to draw him out. He had listened, it is true, with attention, and smiled as if in acquiescence, but had always appeared to avoid reply. Beside, I had made several sad blunders in the glow of eloquent declamation; but he had never interrupted me, to notice and correct them, as he would have done had he been versed in the theme.

"Now it is really a great pity," resumed I, "that he should have the entire management of Miss Somerville's education. What a vast advantage it would be, if she should be put for a little time under the superintendance of Glencoe.—He would throw some deeper shades of thought into her mind, which at present is all sunshine; not but that Mr. Somerville has done very well, as far as he has gone; but then he has merely prepared the soil for the strong plants of useful knowledge. She is well versed in the leading facts of history, and the general course of belles lettres," said I; "a little more philosophy would do wonders."

I accordingly took occasion to ask Mr. Somerville for a few moments' conversation in his study, the morning I was to depart. When we were alone, I opened the matter fully to him. I commenced with the warmest eulogium of Glencoe's powers of mind and vast acquirements, and ascribed to him all my proficiency in the higher branches of knowledge. I begged, therefore, to recommend him as a friend calculated to direct the studies of Miss Somerville; to lead her mind, by degrees, to the contemplation of abstract principles, and to produce habits of philosophical analysis; "which," added I, gently smiling, "are not often cultivated by young ladies." I ventured to hint, in addition, that he would find Mr. Glencoe a most valuable and interesting acquaintance for himself; one who would stimulate and evolve the powers of his mind; and who might open to him tracts of inquiry and speculation, to which, perhaps he had hitherto been a stranger.

Mr. Somerville listened with grave attention. When I had finished, he thanked me, in the politest manner for the interest I took in the welfare of his daughter and himself. He observed that, as it regarded himself, he was afraid he was too old to benefit by the instruction of Mr. Glencoe, and that as to his daughter, he was afraid her mind was but little fitted for the study of metaphysics. "I do not wish," continued he, "to strain her intellects with subjects they cannot grasp, but to make her familiarly acquainted with those that are within the limits of her capacity. I do not pretend to prescribe the boundaries of female genius, and am far from indulging the vulgar opinion that women are unfitted by nature for the highest intellectual pursuits. I speak only with reference to my daughter's taste and talents. She will never make a learned woman; nor in truth do I desire it; for such is the jealousy of our sex, as to mental as well as physical ascendancy, that a learned woman is not always the happiest. I do not wish my daughter to excite envy, or to battle with the prejudices of the world; but to glide peaceably through life, on the good will and kind opinions of her friends. She has ample employment for her little head, in the course I have marked out for her; and is busy at present with some branches of natural history, calculated to awaken her perceptions to the beauties and wonders of nature, and to the inexhaustible volume of wisdom constantly spread open before her eyes. I consider that woman most likely to make an agreeable companion, who can draw topics of pleasing remark from every natural object; and most likely to be cheerful and contented, who is continually sensible of the order, the harmony, and the invariable beneficence that reign throughout the beautiful world we inhabit. But," added he, smiling, "I am betraying myself into a lecture, instead of merely giving a reply to your kind offer. Permit me to take the liberty, in return, of inquiring a little about your own pursuits. You speak of having finished your education; but of course you have a line of private study and mental occupation marked out; for you must know the importance, both in point of interest and happiness, of keeping the mind employed. May I ask what system you observe in your intellectual exercises?"

"Oh! as to system," I observed, "I could never bring myself into any thing of the kind. I thought it best to let my genius take its own course, as it always acted the most vigorously when stimulated by inclination."

Mr. Somerville shook his head. "This same genius," said he, "is a wild quality, that runs away with our most promising young men. It has become so much the fashion, too, to give it the reins, that it is now thought an animal of too noble and generous a nature to be brought to the harness. But it is all a mistake. Nature never designed these high endowments to run riot through society, and throw the whole system into confusion. No, my dear sir; genius, unless it acts upon system, is very apt to be a useless quality to society; sometimes an injurious, and certainly a very uncomfortable one, to its possessor. I have had many opportunities of seeing the progress through life of young men who were accounted geniuses, and have found it too often end in early exhaustion and bitter disappointment; and have as often noticed that these effects might be traced to a total want of system. There were no habits of business, of steady purpose, and regular application, superinduced upon the mind: every thing was left to chance and impulse, and native luxuriance, and every thing of course ran to waste and wild entanglement. Excuse me, if I am tedious on this point, for I feel solicitous to impress it upon you, being an error extremely prevalent in our country, and one into which too many of our youth have fallen. I am happy, however, to observe the zeal which still appears to actuate you for the acquisition of knowledge, and augur every good from the elevated bent of your ambition. May I ask what has been your course of study for the last six months?"

Never was question more unluckily timed. For the last six months I had been absolutely buried in novels and romances.

Mr. Somerville perceived that the question was embarrassing, and with his invariable good breeding, immediately resumed the conversation, without waiting for a reply. He took care, however, to turn it in such a way as to draw from me an account of the whole manner in which I had been educated, and the various currents of reading into which my mind had run. He then went on to discuss briefly, but impressively, the different branches of knowledge most important to a young man in my situation; and to my surprise I found him a complete master of those studies on which I had supposed him ignorant, and on which I had been descanting so confidently. He complimented me, however, very graciously, upon the progress I had made, but advised me for the present to turn my attention to the physical rather than the moral sciences. "These studies," said he, "store a man's mind with valuable facts, and at the same time repress self-confidence, by letting him know how boundless are the realms of knowledge, and how little we can possibly know.—Whereas metaphysical studies, though of an ingenious order of intellectual employment, are apt to bewilder some minds with vague speculations. They never know how far they have advanced, or what may be the correctness of their favorite theory. They render many of our young men verbose and declamatory, and prone to mistake the aberrations of their fancy for the inspirations of divine philosophy."

I could not but interrupt him, to assent to the truth of these remarks, and to say that it had been my lot, in the course of my limited experience, to encounter young men of the kind, who had overwhelmed me with their verbosity.

Mr. Somerville smiled. "I trust," said he, kindly, "that you will guard against these errors. Avoid the eagerness with which a young man is apt to hurry into conversation, and to utter the crude and ill-digested notions which he has picked up in his recent studies. Be assured, that extensive and accurate knowledge is the slow acquisition of a studious life-time; that a young man, however pregnant his wit and prompt his talent, can have mastered but the rudiments of learning, and, in a manner, attained the implements of study. Whatever may have been your past assiduity, you must be sensible that as yet you have but reached the threshhold of true knowledge; but at the same time, you have the advantage that you are still very young, and have ample time to learn."

Here our conference ended. I walked out of the study, a very different being from what I was on entering it. I had gone in with the air of a professor about to deliver a lecture; I came out like a student, who had failed in his examination, and been degraded in his class.

"Very young," and "on the threshhold of knowledge!" This was extremely flattering, to one who had considered himself an accomplished scholar, and profound philosopher.

"It is singular," thought I; "there seems to have been a spell upon my faculties, ever since I have been in this house. I certainly have not been able to do myself justice. Whenever I have undertaken to advise, I have had the tables turned upon me. It must be that I am strange and diffident among people I am not accustomed to. I wish they could hear me talk at home!"

"After all," added I, on farther reflection, "after all, there is a great deal of force in what Mr. Somerville has said. Some how or other, these men of the world do hit upon remarks that would do credit to a philosopher. Some of his general observations came so home, that I almost thought they were meant for myself. His advice about adopting a system of study, is very judicious. I will immediately put it in practice. My mind shall operate henceforward with the regularity of clock-work."

How far I succeeded in adopting this plan, how I fared in the farther pursuit of knowledge, and how I succeeded in my suit to Julia Somerville, may afford matter for another communication to the public, if this simple record of my early life is fortunate enough to excite any curiosity.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Retrospection.

BY [illegible] M'CUTCHEN.

The happy home in childhood where I dwelt,
Tho' now no longer present to my sight,
The pure and peaceful moments I have felt,
Are still revived by memory's cheering light.

The cottage and the woodlands still I see,
So does my youthful home cling round my heart,
That were it but indeed reality,
In truth I ween we never more shall part.

The future hours should be as pure
As innocently spent as those gone by,
Sweet Retrospection I could then endure
Without a tear to dim bright memory's eye.

'Tis always sweet to look upon the past,
The days well spent with an approving eye,
It is to us as music in the blast,
Tho' storms surround, there still is Harmony.

The Glow Worm.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

There was a beautiful garden full of all lovely flowers, and bright, glossy, green leaves, beside ripe and luscious fruit and many bearing trees. In it there were mossy and twining paths, where the shade was cool in the summer noon, and soft sloping lawns, where the shadows slept at even tide. There were bowers hidden with clustering clematis, and hung with rich garlands of the bright passion flowers. There was the lulling tone of falling waters, where a fountain arose amid the brightest sunbeams. It was lovely at dew fall to breathe that fragrant air, and the heart was very glad for the exceeding sweetness.

Now it was evening in that garden, and many dew-drops rested on the flowers. But one, though it lay amid the leaves of a soft young rose whose heart the sun had not as yet seen, was unmindful of all around.

For when the last sun had sunk between the western boughs, the dew-drop had fallen on the open lawn—and far above in the blue space a star beam had penetrated its being.

And henceforth the star became all the world unto the clear dew drop that had felt its beauty. And night seemed short while the dew lay beneath the stars. But morning came, one by one the stars advanced to greet the early dawn, and as they kissed her fair forehead they vanished away. So then the dew arose, and passed away also, until evening again.

All the day long the sun smiled on the garden; but the hours of shadow came out of the East, and their soft wings uncovered the earth.

All the night time the dew-drop looked on the star of its love—steadfastly but humbly; for it said "I am unworthy."

For the dew-drop knew not that pure love maketh noble the heart where it abideth—and the dew-drop knew not that affection is truest love.

But it loved on. All the night time it gazed upward unchangingly.

And many lights shown in Heaven o'er a resting earth; and ever the same did they pass, unto the dew-drop that worshipped the star.

Only the dew-drop was more and more filled with her love—she no more thought of her unworthiness, she had no thought of the perfection of beauty—there was no more fear within her.

Now, from on high, the star had seen the soul of the dew-drop—from the first it was bright and clear.

And it saw how the dew-drop was steadfast and true, and the star knew how the power of its love was creating yet more beauty—so that it grew noble, as that which was beloved.

And the star loved the dew-drop, and it was without shame, for its whole being was filled with a devoted affection.

And behold when the dew-drop knew this, a new life seemed burning within her, and around her on the moss shone a pale but blessed light.—When the day-light's coming it passes away, but now, ever again at eventide, it is filled with life and light.

And those that saw her called her a Glow-worm.

Saturday Morning Post.

G. W. GRAHAM & J. S. DU BOLLE.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1840.

The Post, under its present editors and proprietors, will be conducted on the principle of neutrality, and not contain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a father would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It shall contain nothing that will bring a blush to the cheek of fairness mantled, for the growth of a virtuous thought—With this object, it will ever be the aim of the proprietors Carefully to Vet—then, to things calculated to injure the morals of the rising generation, and thereby perchance entail misery and ruin on their children.

Terms.

1. **FIVE DOLLARS** in advance constitute the sum for this office, free of postage, will pay for the Saturday Morning Post for three years: or for one copy of the Philadelphia Gazette and Post for one year.

2. **SEVEN DOLLARS**, in advance, will pay for two copies of the Post, and two of the Gazette for one year.

3. **TEN DOLLARS**, in advance, will be received for three copies of the Gazette and two of the Post for one year.

4. **TWENTY DOLLARS**, in advance, will secure six copies of the Post, and six copies of the Gazette for one year.

5. **THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET** is made up of entirely original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored fashions. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and consequently an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlor companion.

6. **To** friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank-note that they can find, and send it by mail, current free, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the Post to their address.

Books Various.—We shall continue to forward to such subscribers as desire it, the Casket for 1839, in a handsomely bound volume, with gilt edges, for twelve dollars; or in boards neatly lettered, entirely plain, for two dollars and a half. It contains twelve splendid engravings, and makes a handsome book for the Library or Centre Table. Those who wish the book will please forward their orders early.

The Philosophy of Elections.

Start not, gentle reader! We have no wish to embark upon the agitated sea of partisan politics: our disposition is by no means unsightly-cal, we eschew the voyage. We shall not touch upon the explosive subject, even with a gossamer light-ning rod. We merely allude to little things in a letter material, as the traveller in Palestine for the fruit growing on the shores of the Dead Lake of Sodom and Gomorrah—fair, delicious to the eye, agreeable in color and symmetry, ever balks the appetite with the ashy representative of death. We stand clear from the contest, mere spectators of its sickening issue, and in witnessing that commanding position, we are not sure but that we are of right, more familiar with the minutiæ of the strife, than the combatants themselves. Those engaged in an affray, unless possessed of extraordinary mental equanimity, cannot note accurately its particular details, reason logically upon its origin, or aggressively detect its results. They cannot exercise that nice perception, and that delicate thought, which a mere observer would readily find convenient to employ. The very interest felt by them in its issue would mar, by warping, their judgment; for interest is a most omnipotent agent in all human affairs, and our that, like the Polyp, though subdivided ad infinitum, will love—each separate division depriving the whole of nothing, but to be more selfish not only of action, but of interest.

Having thus made our point of paper, we cease to digress, and frame a note or two for the delight of our readers. Some of our readers—some pain, complicated mind, for instance—may think it a singular there can be any thing in a matter; and might even be disposed to suggest that if elections were dispensed with altogether, there would be no fear for promoting the peace of society, and the cause of harmony in general. To the first thought we reply, that Paley could find philosophy in a feather; to the second, that elections are very useful things in a moral, as well as in a political, sense. They keep the public mind and public opinion in a state of agitation, to be sure, for a time; but, then, does not this very agitation, those up, like troubled waters, the light and useless matter, which by combination, may have acquired undue importance, and deposit only those solid elements that will stand a careful scrutiny, and a perfect test? Storms and tempests are useful in the moral, as in the physical world. However violent, or however procrastinated, they never fail to leave behind them a purer atmosphere, and the stagnant air atmosphere of quiet and serene repose. Some weeks ago all was noise and bustle about our State House. Placards were posted all over its venerable walls, and on them glowing in all the variety of big-letter importance, such antithetic terms as "Patriot" and "Traitor"—as "Public Robber" and that "People's Friend"—as "Spirit of Spirit" and the "Spirit of Detraction"—to say nothing of such epicts as Jemmies, New England, or the Spirit of our ancestors, all stood commingled in most fraternal propinquity. The street and the trottoir were crowded with people; their faces lay with intelligence, and their pockets with tickets for the election. We could scarcely move without encountering some individual whose features were so expressive of the onward progress of the nation, as to render him totally oblivious of his own. Here was one friend soliciting another's suffrage for a modest appointment. There was a stranger soliciting information as to the political character of both. Here stood a calico-dotted gentleman, with a roll of paper in his hand, and a very peculiar roll in his eyes, illustrating to a silent audience compassed of three little boys, a rollicker's apprentice on an errand, and a peripatetic retailer of cream-puffs, the glorious attributes of his favorite candidate, and eulogizing his disposition to vote. There stood a lugubrious countenanced mortality, in a red-colored coat, "thunder and lightning pants" and linen, whose hue betokened a very unreasonable antipathy to the washing-tub, dilating upon the venal character of every applicant for office, and expatiating upon the total lack of every patriot in America. Another mother's son, unique himself. He had only the penny for a candidate—that was dry, or probably it would not have remained gone under such an infliction. Anxious to spend two large transparencies were exhibited; they were intended to convey to the uninformed mind pictorial instruction through the medium of the optic nerve. Every man, for instance, knows the use of a plough, a horse, a harrow, a canal, and he knows what they have, graphically represented, and that he may be also *mentally advised*, even though in childhood he may not have been sufficiently fortunate to have acquired an education, there was on many other tantalizing spectacles with which the cunning limner may have intruded the canvas. Such was the State House Square on the 4th of July, 1838—but we beheld it on the subsequent day. The pictures were gone. The bell no longer pealed its measured intervals with its iron tongue. The placards on the corners looked rusty, defaced and *rotten*. The pavements were covered with dust and nut-shells, instead of carnival people. Furniture had ceased to promenade the street, with "John Swift for Mayor," or "Little Isaac, and a collection of men and kettle-drums playing "Hail Columbia," in their bottoms—for them all about the premises alluded to. Nature looked as if she had been upon a tremendous "spree" the night before, and gotten sick next morning with a confounded head-ache.

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Mercantile Library Lecture.

The last lecture before the Mercantile Library Company was that of Samuel Rush, Esq. on "The tales of the Law."

He remarked that he would make no attempt at elementary or systematic plan, but should take, as they occurred to him, one of the leading cases on the law, as well as a few of the practical provisions of the law, and endeavor to give to such a cursial view as his time allowed.

He would first consider the moral beauty of the law.

The Imperial Justinian reduced the whole doctrine of legal obligation, that we should "live honestly, hurt nobody, and render to every man his own." In this rule it may be said that there are more maxims than words—all advising to virtue and moral elevation. Honesty, gentleness and justice, are here inculcated in the shortest or commonest terms, but in such terms as the rudest or infant lips may try," and infant minds comprehend. The law's integrity speaks through its promises and provisions; it will not suffer its excellence may be told, it will, without a special application, advise to truth and right.

Religion is the law's sister in the with the law. It is his castle of safety, from aggression, intrusion, or impertinent solicitation; but he may not do as he pleases, if such pleasure involve the injury or vexation of others. How often, on a winter's night in this city, are seen the bright lights flashing from the windows of those who wealth and luxury, as some hundreds of the gay and happy are within its walls; through the slightly opened and vesticing windows, comes the clamoring of the bell and the loud voice of loud clashing, not to say the roaring, of countless voices—inconsistent sounds—perhaps silliously to be listened to for the pleasure of the hour; but much interesting matter. It will be perceived that we give such matter upon this page, than we can in our weekly broadsheet. We intend to keep up for the Post, the character which it has borne for nineteen years, that of being THE Family Paper, or shall pass as such, interesting and instructive literary matter upon our first and fourth pages as possible. Our news and literary matter will be found in large double columns, and we may have where it *had an article to its kind.*

In collating news we suffer nothing of interest to come to notice; as that our subscribers may always know what is going on in the world, by referring to our columns. As we have attained the credit of publishing "the most interesting paper in Philadelphia," we intend to keep it. There will, therefore, be no abatement of interest in our columns.

We have some starling articles for our next number.

Bankruptcy—The Meaning.

The Saturday Evening Post was the only weekly paper in Philadelphia that was able to issue the Governor's Message last week. Our readers not only had that document, but they had it at least one day before the other weekly papers reached their subscribers. Our Pennsylvania subscribers will no doubt be grateful for this attention to their interests, as many of them take no other paper.

The Message, on the whole, seems to have given general satisfaction; all the Whig as well as Democratic presses unite in terming the document a conservative one. His recommendations in reference to banking operations meet with the hearty concurrence of both parties, and we accordingly hope will be productive of benefit to the institutions themselves as well as to the community at large.

The New Orleans Plunge.

This paragraph,—a short devoted to theatrical chit-chat, horse-racing anecdotes, cock-fighting memoirs and the annals of the gambling concern, has found its way into the columns of a sober and serious paper, simply because we supposed, as our surprise that a man of sense, should fall into the error of supposing that he could be less selfish not only of action, but of interest.

Having thus made our point of paper, we cease to digress, and frame a note or two for the delight of our readers. Some of our readers—some pain, complicated mind, for instance—may think it a singular there can be any thing in a matter; and might even be disposed to suggest that if elections were dispensed with altogether, there would be no fear for promoting the peace of society, and the cause of harmony in general. To the first thought we reply, that Paley could find philosophy in a feather; to the second, that elections are very useful things in a moral, as well as in a political, sense. They keep the public mind and public opinion in a state of agitation, to be sure, for a time; but, then, does not this very agitation, those up, like troubled waters, the light and useless matter, which by combination, may have acquired undue importance, and deposit only those solid elements that will stand a careful scrutiny, and a perfect test? Storms and tempests are useful in the moral, as in the physical world. However violent, or however procrastinated, they never fail to leave behind them a purer atmosphere, and the stagnant air atmosphere of quiet and serene repose. Some weeks ago all was noise and bustle about our State House. Placards were posted all over its venerable walls, and on them glowing in all the variety of big-letter importance, such antithetic terms as "Patriot" and "Traitor"—as "Public Robber" and that "People's Friend"—as "Spirit of Spirit" and the "Spirit of Detraction"—to say nothing of such epicts as Jemmies, New England, or the Spirit of our ancestors, all stood commingled in most fraternal propinquity. The street and the trottoir were crowded with people; their faces lay with intelligence, and their pockets with tickets for the election. We could scarcely move without encountering some individual whose features were so expressive of the onward progress of the nation, as to render him totally oblivious of his own. Here was one friend soliciting another's suffrage for a modest appointment. There was a stranger soliciting information as to the political character of both. Here stood a calico-dotted gentleman, with a roll of paper in his hand, and a very peculiar roll in his eyes, illustrating to a silent audience compassed of three little boys, a rollicker's apprentice on an errand, and a peripatetic retailer of cream-puffs, the glorious attributes of his favorite candidate, and eulogizing his disposition to vote. There stood a lugubrious countenanced mortality, in a red-colored coat, "thunder and lightning pants" and linen, whose hue betokened a very unreasonable antipathy to the washing-tub, dilating upon the venal character of every applicant for office, and expatiating upon the total lack of every patriot in America. Another mother's son, unique himself. He had only the penny for a candidate—that was dry, or probably it would not have remained gone under such an infliction. Anxious to spend two large transparencies were exhibited; they were intended to convey to the uninformed mind pictorial instruction through the medium of the optic nerve. Every man, for instance, knows the use of a plough, a horse, a harrow, a canal, and he knows what they have, graphically represented, and that he may be also *mentally advised*, even though in childhood he may not have been sufficiently fortunate to have acquired an education, there was on many other tantalizing spectacles with which the cunning limner may have intruded the canvas. Such was the State House Square on the 4th of July, 1838—but we beheld it on the subsequent day. The pictures were gone. The bell no longer pealed its measured intervals with its iron tongue. The placards on the corners looked rusty, defaced and *rotten*. The pavements were covered with dust and nut-shells, instead of carnival people. Furniture had ceased to promenade the street, with "John Swift for Mayor," or "little Isaac, and a collection of men and kettle-drums playing "Hail Columbia," in their bottoms—for them all about the premises alluded to. Nature looked as if she had been upon a tremendous "spree" the night before, and gotten sick next morning with a confounded head-ache.

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The Edward Wheel.

Complaints are numerous throughout the city relative to the manner in which the "Giant of Wood" is displayed. Many poor people who are able to produce the best testimony of their attention cannot obtain one stick. This is really too bad. We are told that in one instance a poor mother was obliged to keep her little children lying in bed almost constantly for several days, to preserve them from the cold. Such a state of things will not do. The evil must be amended. The inclemency of the season is sufficient in itself to render it antipathy to the washing-tub, dilating upon the venal character of every applicant for office, and expatiating upon the total lack of every patriot in America. Another mother's son, unique himself. He had only the penny for a candidate—that was dry, or probably it would not have remained gone under such an infliction. Anxious to spend two large transparencies were exhibited; they were intended to convey to the uninformed mind pictorial instruction through the medium of the optic nerve. Every man, for instance, knows the use of a plough, a horse, a harrow, a canal, and he knows what they have, graphically represented, and that he may be also *mentally advised*, even though in childhood he may not have been sufficiently fortunate to have acquired an education, there was on many other tantalizing spectacles with which the cunning limner may have intruded the canvas. Such was the State House Square on the 4th of July, 1838—but we beheld it on the subsequent day. The pictures were gone. The bell no longer pealed its measured intervals with its iron tongue. The placards on the corners looked rusty, defaced and *rotten*. The pavements were covered with dust and nut-shells, instead of carnival people. Furniture had ceased to promenade the street, with "John Swift for Mayor," or "little Isaac, and a collection of men and kettle-drums playing "Hail Columbia," in their bottoms—for them all about the premises alluded to. Nature looked as if she had been upon a tremendous "spree" the night before, and gotten sick next morning with a confounded head-ache.

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Having thus made our point of paper, we cease to digress, and frame a note or two for the delight of our readers. Some of our readers—some pain, complicated mind, for instance—may think it a singular there can be any thing in a matter; and might even be disposed to suggest that if elections were dispensed with altogether, there would be no fear for promoting the peace of society, and the cause of harmony in general. To the first thought we reply, that Paley could find philosophy in a feather; to the second, that elections are very useful things in a moral, as well as in a political, sense. They keep the public mind and public opinion in a state of agitation, to be sure, for a time; but, then, does not this very agitation, those up, like troubled waters, the light and useless matter, which by combination, may have acquired undue importance, and deposit only those solid elements that will stand a careful scrutiny, and a perfect test? Storms and tempests are useful in the moral, as in the physical world. However violent, or however procrastinated, they never fail to leave behind them a purer atmosphere, and the stagnant air atmosphere of quiet and serene repose. Some weeks ago all was noise and bustle about our State House. Placards were posted all over its venerable walls, and on them glowing in all the variety of big-letter importance, such antithetic terms as "Patriot" and "Traitor"—as "Public Robber" and that "People's Friend"—as "Spirit of Spirit" and the "Spirit of Detraction"—to say nothing of such epicts as Jemmies, New England, or the Spirit of our ancestors, all stood commingled in most fraternal propinquity. The street and the trottoir were crowded with people; their faces lay with intelligence, and their pockets with tickets for the election. We could scarcely move without encountering some individual whose features were so expressive of the onward progress of the nation, as to render him totally oblivious of his own. Here was one friend soliciting another's suffrage for a modest appointment. There was a stranger soliciting information as to the political character of both. Here stood a calico-dotted gentleman, with a roll of paper in his hand, and a very peculiar roll in his eyes, illustrating to a silent audience compassed of three little boys, a rollicker's apprentice on an errand, and a peripatetic retailer of cream-puffs, the glorious attributes of his favorite candidate, and eulogizing his disposition to vote. There stood a lugubrious countenanced mortality, in a red-colored coat, "thunder and lightning pants" and linen, whose hue betokened a very unreasonable antipathy to the washing-tub, dilating upon the venal character of every applicant for office, and expatiating upon the total lack of every patriot in America. Another mother's son, unique himself. He had only the penny for a candidate—that was dry, or probably it would not have remained gone under such an infliction. Anxious to spend two large transparencies were exhibited; they were intended to convey to the uninformed mind pictorial instruction through the medium of the optic nerve. Every man, for instance, knows the use of a plough, a horse, a harrow, a canal, and he knows what they have, graphically represented, and that he may be also *mentally advised*, even though in childhood he may not have been sufficiently fortunate to have acquired an education, there was on many other tantalizing spectacles with which the cunning limner may have intruded the canvas. Such was the State House Square on the 4th of July, 1838—but we beheld it on the subsequent day. The pictures were gone. The bell no longer pealed its measured intervals with its iron tongue. The placards on the corners looked rusty, defaced and *rotten*. The pavements were covered with dust and nut-shells, instead of carnival people. Furniture had ceased to promenade the street, with "John Swift for Mayor," or "little Isaac, and a collection of men and kettle-drums playing "Hail Columbia," in their bottoms—for them all about the premises alluded to. Nature looked as if she had been upon a tremendous "spree" the night before, and gotten sick next morning with a confounded head-ache.

The quiet that ensued after all this turmoil, was as intense as had originally been its opposite. The struggle was over. The mass had discussed and subdued. The public feeling was self-abayed. A result, and a reason was the order of the day. The election was consummated.

Literary Notices.

LITERARY NOTICES.—*Our literary notices are unavoidably omitted, they shall appear in our next.*

Accidents of Steam.

The Philadelphia Steam Mutual Insurance Company, the Ocean, the Franklin Hall of Commercial Fund Society, in Locust st on Thursday evening next. It will be a grand affair, as all the musical talent of the city is pressed into service. We see among the list of singers Mrs. Crane, Norton, Watson, Rasche, Mrs. Watson, Miss Wells, and a host of eminent talent. Those who have tickets should apply early. To be had at the music stores generally.

Robberies.

DAMES ATTEMPT AT BURGLARY.—On Friday night, 9th inst. about 11 o'clock, Mr. Hall of 3 South street near Chestnut had returned home, and had been sitting for a short time, in the rear or kitchen part of the house, when he saw the reflection of a light upwards through the bottom of a door that leads into the cellar. Although he knew the door was fastened with a sash-bolt, perceived the door-latch of the cellar-door, and from the circumstance, he concluded that it was a burglarious depredator, and required in his bed-chamber to arouse his pistols, which he always keeps loaded, and in a state of preparation to receive his unwelcome visitor. Whilst ascending the stairs he discovered that the person was in the act of trying another door, which led from the cellar to a front parlor. Procuring his weapons, he discovered that the intruder had just admission; and descending into the cellar, to arrest him he heard retreating footsteps in the entry, leading out of the door; followed and discharged one of his pistols, though without effect. At length this resolute gentleman espied the villain, standing in an open lot, opposite the premises he had attempted to rob. When brought before Mayor Conrad, he was recognized as one Benjamin Jones, who has been arrested twice for burglary, and neither time convicted. It is hoped that he will be convicted this time, for the evidence, and not that this culprit will not be suffered again to depredate.

STORE GOODS RECOVERED.—A couple of weeks, named Edward Elliott and Thomas Kivlin, were arrested on Wednesday last, 7th inst. by officer T. L. Saunders, of Spring Garden, assisted by Mr. Gideon, for breaking into and robbing a series of burglaries and robberies, which they had been in the habit of committing in company for the last year or two. Elliott was the principal information that led to the discovery of a considerable quantity of their plunder. They were both sent to prison.

LOSS TO OPEN CLOTHES LINES.—On Thursday evening, 9th inst. between 8 and 9 o'clock, Mrs. Drummond who keeps a boarding house in 36 street, near Lombard, had her clothes line, full of various articles. A colored boy was arrested on Friday, on suspicion of the theft who confessed it, and said that he had sold the whole of it, with the exception of one shirt they were all recovered. The boy was taken before Alderman Manderfield for examination.

PICKPOCKETING.—A young man who gave his name as Henry Brown, was arrested on Saturday evening, 10th inst. at the Chesnut street Theatre, by officer Wilson. He was detected in the act of the rear pocket of a gentleman who was standing in a crowd near the box ticket office. He was brought before the Recorder, and required to give $500 bail for his appearance at Court.

RESCUE A THIEF'S SNOT.—A young man named Francis Bogot, was arrested on Monday last, and committed by Mayor Conrad, on the charge of robbing the tailor shop of Mr. P. Freidenberg, corner of Noble and Front street. The articles taken were some linseywool cloth, the value of $6, and seventeen roundabouts of the same description, valued at $3 50 each.

A HOUSE CARRIED.—A colored man named William Tillman, who has been employed for some time as a runner to the Philadelphia Museum, was arrested on Monday last for being concerned in taking a cellar under that building corrupted by Mr. Kerr, of China Hall in Chesnut street, for the purpose of storing his goods.

LARCENY.—A German, calling himself Moritz Bower, said to be from Cincinnati, was committed on Tuesday by Mayor Swift, upon a charge of stealing from the store of Mr. Adolph Hock, ing, in Fifth above South, a mahogany writing stand, valued at $12.

Accidents.

RUN OVER BY AN OMNIBUS.—One of the drivers of Gerhard's omnibuses, named Jacob Robert B. Curtis, was brought up by High Constable Young, on a warrant issued, charging him with fast and furious driving, and on Monday afternoon, to the defendant was coming down Third street with his four horse omnibus, when a little girl, a German child about four years of age run off the pavement into the street, in front of the horses, and was thrown down by them. The driver did not attempt to check them. The child was taken up senseless and conveyed to its parents, who are named Gumble, and reside in Quarry street. Though very badly hurt, it is expected to live.

SAD DEATH.—An interesting young child, residing in St. John street, near Brown, on Thursday, about noon, accidentally fell into a tub of water, and was so much injured that its life is despaired of. Dr. Roberts was immediately called in, and promptly did all in his power to relieve the sufferer but all to little sufficient.

DEATH FROM APOPLEXY.—Mr. David Lentz, an old and very healthy citizen, residing in the North, corner of Broad street and Buck Lane, dropped down dead on Monday last, from an fit of apoplexy. He had previously enjoyed excellent health.

BOILER EXPLOSION.—A boiler in the Steam Sugar Refinery of Messrs. R. E. Lorring & Co. in Church Alley, exploded,—doing considerable injury to the building, and scalding, and fracturing an arm of a German, named Frederick Cumery.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A colored woman, whose name was unknown, fell dead on Friday morning, 10th inst. in the house of Mr. Montgomery. The coroner held an inquest upon the body, and a verdict of "death by the visitation of God" returned by the jury.

Coroner's Inquests.

SAMUEL HEINTZELMAN, ESQ. *Coroner.—Office No. 391 North Fifth street.*

An inquest was held on the body of Adam Dunn, mentioned in our last as having been lodged by turned in the hovelry of Messrs. Abbott & Newlin, on Monday afternoon. It appeared that the unfortunate man, about 8 hours before after being taken

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

IMPORTANT BY THE GARRICK.

From Liverpool, ——

By the packet ship Garrick, Captain Palmer, arrived from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 15th of December, we have files of news of the 13th daily papers to the evening of the 13th, and L'erpool to the 14th, both inclusive.

The arrangements for Mr. Jaudon's loan of £500,000, appear to have been concluded. The particulars are given under date of December 13th, evening, and will be found among our extracts.

UNITED STATES BANK.

From the Courier of December 13.

The arrangement for a loan of £500,000 sterling, entered into between Messrs. Rothschild and Sons, and Mr. Jaudon on behalf of the United States Bank, being finally settled, a very large amount of business has been done in the State stock within the last few days at improved prices. The terms upon which this important arrangement has been entered into are as follows:

"Bonds of the United States Bank, for the amount of the loan are to be issued, and made payable at Messrs. Rothschild & Sons' house in Paris, the dates to be two and three years from October last, and the contract price 92. They are to be secured by a deposit of 5,000,000 dollars of state stocks, viz. 1,500,000 Pennsylvania, 1,250,000 Mississippi, 1,500,000 Michigan, 250,000 Illinois and 500,000 Indiana.

The interest they will bear will be 6 per cent. per annum. The subscriptions are to be paid 23 per cent. on subscribing, 30 per cent. on the 15th of January, and 32 per cent. on the 15th of February.

As the stocks have risen nearly 5 per cent, since the contract was made, there is little doubt but that the subscriptions will be soon filled.

"United States Bank shares in this market are £19 to £19 5s. per share.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance: $1.50 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to fread their letters addressed to us. The Act of 1825 allows them to do so.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and the names of their offices.

Orders for the Post should be addressed to the Publisher, post paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year, unless ordered to the contrary at the option of the Publisher, or Agent supplying them.

Money should be sent by mail. Bank notes can be procured for our bills.

Agents are authorized to receive subscriptions for one year, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should also be punctual in remitting the first dollar.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, shall receive a copy for one year, gratis.

Letters on business relative to the Post should be addressed to the Publisher, No. 34 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, January 18, 1840.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

dec 7—3m Late Publisher 36 Carter's Alley.

☞ Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post will mark, about the present period of the year, any deficiencies in the above. We wish to have the present accounts closed at the first of January next ensuing, if possible. We intend to show them what a weekly paper can be made: and therefore should like to meet the year unentirely entrammelled, with any reduction of back standing debts. An early and prompt settlement is especially requested. tf

To our Ohio Subscribers.

☞ W. A. FARIS, Esq. our able and efficient Travelling agent is about to leave Ohio, and we shall not be unnecessarily restricted. He will accept our thanks for his zealous and successful exertions.

☞ MR. C. W. JAMES, our Travelling agent for the State of Ohio, will shortly pay our Books on that State a visit, so as to close our accounts previous to the 1st of January. The subscribers will oblige him exceedingly and be paid for his exertion.

☞ J. SHARPLESS, Esq. is our only authorized agent at Mount Holly. Those to whom subscription to the Post is due, will please pay their subscriptions to him.

☞ J. SHARPLESS, Esq. is our only agent for Salem, Ohio.

To Agents.

☞ We have received several letters from agents wishing to know how they will still receive the Post after the 1st of January, erroneously. Agents who are not Post Masters, will please call upon the nearest Post Master, and have their papers forwarded.

The following is an extract from the instructions recently addressed to the Post Masters of the United States, by the Post Master General:

"Post Masters may receive money in a letter to a publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter, if written in the handwriting of the latter. This liberal regulation will be highly advantageous to the interior population of the newspaper press, and therefore favorable to general circulation of intelligence and knowledge.

☞ All Postmasters are our Agents.

☞ J. J. Gilbert, of Lancaster, Lancaster co. Pa. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Casket.

☞ D. BATES of Somerset Bell, Pa. is also an agent for the Post and Casket.

☞ P. DESILVA & FRIENDS, Booksellers, at St. Louis Mo. act as our agents at that place, for both Post and Casket.

☞ W. BOSWELL, Esq. of Boonsboro, Lancaster co. Pa. is our authorized agent for the Post and Casket.

☞ MR. DAVID M'CLURE, Agent, Market Street, N. E. corner of Third, is our agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Casket, and to whom subscriptions may be paid by our subscribers in that vicinity. Jan18—3t

To Correspondents.

"Scribbler" is dumb. "Carter" is good for a beginner, but will require much practice before he can "write like" us. &c. "Directed Out" do. "Learning" will be published next week. "Ellen" is good, but not up to English for our taste. "Wrap not for the Youthful Bard—Excelsior H." could not be published, and would not be read: pardon these again. Correspondents must have patience. Their favors will be attended to in good time. Next week we shall speak more at length.

Our City Collector.

☞ WILLIAM ADAMS, of this city is our ONLY authorized collector for the Post and Casket, in Philadelphia. Our City and County subscribers will please notice this fact, as we shall exhibit large receipts from no other hand after this date. tf

Compliment to Mr. Pouilson.

The editors and publishers of the city of Philadelphia, at a meeting assembled, passed some complimentary resolutions, and among others, proposed a dinner to Mr. Z. Poulson, on the occasion of his retiring from the profession, his paper, the Advertiser, having been sold. We are highly gratified with the North American. The following is part of the reply of Mr. Poulson:

"I have left you, gentlemen, in the pursuit of an honorable, but a very laborious and highly responsible profession; and it is my sincere desire that your prosperity may be equally great, separate, and duly rewarded, your arduous, incessant, and useful services.

"Though my highly infirmities preclude me from participating with my highly esteemed brethren of the press in the social enjoyments of the festive board, my best wishes attend with severe benefit for the kindness which the invitation evinces to each of us.

"With my best wishes for the health, happiness, and prosperity of each of the members of the profession, I am, gentlemen, their and your responsible and much obliged friend,

Z. POULSON."

Valuable Court.

Mr. Thomas C. Clark, has just published a "Chart of Useful knowledge," containing a variety of useful information relative to the Laws of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington down, with views of the public buildings of Columbia, &c. It is a very valuable and useful part of this Chart in Temperance Tellurgy is concise. For particulars see advertisement in another column.

Mr. HOUSE NOT DEAD.—A New Orleans paper says:—We are pleased to learn that our townsman, Richard Rogers, Esq. recently wounded by Mr. Ayle, at Natchez, is rapidly recovering. Mr. Ayle has since been liberated from the Natchez jail, on giving bail in the sum of $6000.

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT.—The Grand Jury of New York are about to investigate the origin and causes of the late disgraceful riots in that city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Late from Europe.

By the packet ship Hibernia, Capt. Cobb, we have London papers to the 11th December. The news is not of much importance. Parliament was expected to assemble on the 7th of January. No material change appears to have taken place since the last advices. The loan at Mr. Jaudon, effected in behalf of the United States Bank, is attracting a good deal of attention in the money market, though the business appears to be still enveloped in mystery.

Supposed Loss of the Steamer Pulaski.

United States Bank Stock.—The London Sun of the evening of the 10th of December, says, "The shares of United States Bank may be nominally quoted at £14 per share."

From the Morning Post of Dec. 10.

The arrangement announced as having been taken place between Messrs. Rothschild and Sons and Mr. Jaudon has caused a decided improvement in the value of United States Bank Shares. Below of them were sold in the course of the morning at £18 to £19 10s per share. It is understood that there are plenty of capitalists ready to go into the market with respect to the guarantee offered for the reimbursement of the money, the undertaking of the United States Bank being deemed eagerly sufficient in the present situation of the affairs. The measure has naturally engaged a good deal of the attention of those who are in the habit of taking a leading part in such matters.

The Times of Monday evening states that the Messrs. Rothschild have been named as contractors for a new loan. The amount is stated at £500,000, for which there are to issue 5 per cent. debentures, at 97, and to hold as collateral security a large deposit of State stocks, Pennsylvania, and other American State stocks. But whether Messrs. Rothschild advance this money as a mere transaction, is left uncertain.

Parliament was to meet on the 16th January.

The Queen's Marriage.—The following extract from a private correspondence—says the Sunday Times—may be relied upon:—"Well! after all the announced arrangements, respecting the Queen's nuptials, either her Majesty has changed her mind, or Lord Melbourne has altered his, or the prince is in a little bit of a hurry for the coming off of the forthcoming event. We have had no intimation whatever unfavorable, but that the marriage will not take place in April, as originally intended, but in the course of the month of February, and that then, and that after only, is the sole cause of Lord Melbourne assembling the Legislature 'for the despatch of business' next month. Thus stands the case at present."

British India.

Intelligence of considerable interest had been received from India, the dates being from Calcutta, to October 13th Madras 19th, and Bombay 28th. On the 18th of September, the Anglo Indian army, in

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Sketch.

BY MARY E. BRIDE.

'Twas five hours visiting friends, the widow described
Minutes to me only as Night Point, a few miles from the
mouth of the Schuylkill.

Twilight, and dusk grew on high,
Starry then, bright in your blue sky?
Or the eyes bright then I see,
Let me look on heaven with thee.

Look boy, boldly on the sun,
Watch not there the unyielding eye;
Think with me that worked not,
Whose own hand no light to deny.

Or can Night fix thine eye,
As it instantly seems to fly?
The sky everywhere is starry bright,
Yet to be as travel's toy;
Softer but the calm that I see,
To learn the symbol of the free.
His unyielding he, proof in his might,
He dotes a speck to human sight;
Unmyrd, earned to her flight.

Painter, ever you deserve best,
Oft I'm sure's him on life way!
Which Painter giving glance by glance,
Nor turn'd his hues eye some subtone,
Springing from some blasted tree,
Came the forgery over the sea,
Fleeting as a thing of air,
Wonder, yet under the first meet clear—
Passed a moment o'er the wave,
And to the human a wild scream gave.
Downward sank an lightning flash,
Bid he in the Ocean dashed!
The dead his meetings loved lost.
Death no shaft from heaven bore.
The Night sped with sweet corner;
From the Painter said it o'er.
Came a moan of sickening fear.
An instant—and the dread was o'er.
The passing breeze deserved
In tortuous circles, each song's their strength
To mount above the other—gained at length
The Royal Pirate: his sublimest height
Forming a mute unto my entrance eyes
Then downward rushing came the wing prize.
Yet another visit the Night to my eyes!
O passing star of the evening skies!
He turned him to the straight track,
And dark heaven's fire had not,
I soon a boisterous troop,
Pointer, no center met me,
Shook o'er in emotion of the free.

Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1839.

MR. PIPER.—Can you inform me," said a querulous, peculiar sense of a customer the other day, addressing a fine, good-hearted, gentlemanly Frenchman on the Levee—"Can you inform me where Mr. Piper lives?"

"Mr. who, sair?"

"Mr. Piper," continued the wag, giving the unpronounceable name his imagination had created, almost any pronunciation.

"Mr. Papere, oh!" rejoined the polite Frenchman."

"No, Piper."

"You mean Pickers, sair."

"Mr. Piper is the gentleman I want to find."

"Pickers? Papere? Vill you let me kind as to pronounce him once, several times?"

"Mr. Piper."

"Sir, vill I have neware heard of no such name, never. He must be one Choctaw," muttered the bodily quizzed Frenchman as he walked off.—*Picayune.*

FOOT TELLING.—As some young ladies were lately taking a walk they were accosted by a gipsy woman, who, for a very small reward, very politely offered to show them their future husbands' faces in a pool of water that stood handy. Such an offer was too good to be refused, and, on paying the stipulated sum, the ladies hastened to the water, each in succession presenting her face for a glance of the "beloved object," but, lo! instead of beholding the "form and face" they so fondly anticipated, they were surprised to see their own rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes glancing from below. "Sure you are mistaken, I'm sure," exclaimed one of them, "for we saw nothing but our own faces in the water." "Very true ma'am," replied the sagacious fortune-teller, "but these will be your husbands' faces when you are married."

AN ACTUAL CONVERSATION.—"Paddy, which do you like—this country, or ould Ireland—best?" "Thin, I dunna—they 're both bad enough." "How!" what have you to complain of?" "Why, to be shure, or the money a body could 'nt get at home, an' the money was can 't keep here." "Well, of the two evils, which do you think you would prefer, if you were put under oath?" "Faix, then, I believes me heart would go in favor of ould Ireland." "Why do 'nt you go home then?" "Is I would, only for wan thing." "What is that?" "The *two wives* 'd never agree, an' I 'd have no paice in the cabin."

INSINUATING.—"Bill, what in thunder did you ring your old sled on to mine for?" said a young shaver who had been run down by another while sliding down hill. "Stop, don't get mad Tom and I will explain it all to you," was the reply. "Explain it! can you?" "Well," at the same time changing his voice and manner as though a new idea had struck him—"Well, I should like to have this affair investigated."

PHILOSOPHY.—A young lady telling an old gentleman that she was in love with his estate, "Take it, madam," said he, "and then you will have something of use—for my mind you only shrug—and my whole being consists of mind, person, and estate." "O then," rejoined the juvenile fair, "I need to be married to myself to rob you of all three. Pray keep your person for yourself."

RURAL COURTESY.—An Victoria was playing her pause on a late occasion, Prince Albert, says an English paper, presented a bouquet of flowers to her, as he was leaving. The Queen bit the Prince on the cheek with her fan, exclaiming, "Well, I must!" How witty was all this of the Princeship, and how amiable of her Queenship!

JOE 'S PAST.—How can you, my lord, prefer punch to wine?" "Because, my dear, it is so like mentioning, such a charming compound of opposite qualities." "Ay, my lord, I am the weak part I suppose." "No, my love, you are the sweet, with a dash of the acid, and the smack portion of the spirits."

A HINT TO LAWERS.—The keeper of the Little Rock Hotel finishes his advertisement as follows: "Lookers must keep a respectful distance, as none without money can stay about these diggings."

LUMBER.—(Scene, a roadside Inn.) "Pray give me some lemonade." "Yes, sir. Do you prefer punch hot or cold, my widow?" "How ?" "Why, only that we happen, just now, to be out of lemons."

RECREATION.—He that spends his time in sports, and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and has neat and engaging hot tongues; they are healthless, chargeable and useless.

GALLANTRY.—Pyrrhic was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his Court. He said, in a style of true gallantry, "that a drawing-room without ladies, was like the year without the spring, or rather like spring without flowers."

LATE HOURS.—"I often hear of people being knocked down and robbed," said a well known countryman, "but I never can any rest of being used so. I never go home till the morning, when all the rogues are gone to bed."

GRATEFUL FACT.—*The Picayune* tells us of a tree in his neighborhood that has grown so rapidly of late, that it has pulled itself up by the roots.

Sketch Stamp.

All Greeks are passionately fond of this amusement, which is encouraged by the priests, who consider its indulgence a virtue at the festivals. Any luckless frog a village hall is unknown; no invitations are necessary. The doors of a house are thrown open, the guitar and fiddle strike up, the neighbors assemble, and the serious vision of the musicians, and the rooms are instantaneously filled as it were by magic. Even women with infants in their arms join in the dance. The occasional sprinkling of those able to the fun. No walking, we quadrilling but yet reached Pyrgos. The old Greek dance (*romaika*) is called; it calls him in ground on an earthen floor, and laughs at innovation. Some people even bring their own musicians; and the best are considered to be engaged with more than a "clean-swept floor" and a few musicians. A dance of the time of Homer is the Wagon of Ormenius. His name is purely Hellenic, with one exception—pair of English top boots. With these he stamps out the time in a manner that out-Herods Herod, and he is then enabled to confine his fidelities to the strings of the instrument, instead of flourishing it in the air for the more purpose of beating it, which he does with the unbridled spirit of the chief chorus of Oriental music—solos—to vouch to the gratification of his audience, consisting of himself and his instrument. Appendices, who were threatened to discharge the trumpeters of his orchestra, for not playing in some part of his performance, they happened to be out of breath, have rest—an arrangement which he himself could never understand—would, in the East, have been considered the model manager out of Paradise. * * * Although, as I have already told, he who gives a dance is expected to prepare but his rooms, and to "find out Smash's name," nevertheless, even this, for one man, and at his sole expense; for after each bout the young men who have figured in the dance always throw the musicians a few drachmas (francs); and at other seasons, during the afternoon or evening, generally assented to a sufficient sum to remunerate them handsomely. Great Dancer.—The Greek dance is commenced by three men holding the ends of two kerchiefs, in such a manner that they are, as it were, linked together. The man in the centre grasps a kerchief in each hand. Each of his two companions takes a vacant end, by which means the right hand of one is disengaged, and the left of the other. The centre man then waves and flourishes a third kerchief, while his companion on the other flank swaps his fingers in imitation of a castanet. They then make two or three circuits of the room, and at last break or cast off, then two select partners from the assembly join hands. The two ladies take the three ragged ends of the kerchiefs on the flanks; so that the number in the dance now consists of five persons, and they commence going the circuit of the apartment together, each showing off the most favorite steps, while the musicians cease not to play and sing most boisterously. In some cases the ladies take the disengaged ends of the kerchiefs held by the men in the centre, and the other men from the flanks. This is certainly the prettier fashion. In a few minutes there return to their seats, leaving but one lady and one gentleman to proceed with the more interesting part of the figure. These two face each other. The gentleman next "goes the circuit," following by the lady with so much saticety as a young bantam cock looking out for a brief. The art of making love is now explained by pantomimic action.—Felix urges his suit, but Violante will not listen: the Don becomes gloomy, looks more slowly, and casts not a single glance at the company, while Violante reconnoiters her ocular skirmishing, the gentleman is easily induced to make a second attempt, which produces shows symptoms of surrender. The signals are playfully exchanged with the white kerchiefs, the dance increases in rapidity, the music is redoubled, and ceases all parts of the room of "Vasta, vasta"—quicker, quicker—and the manual applause of the company. When both the fair dancers are fatigued, they make way for another set. The girls generally tire out two or three partners. The latter only are allowed to be relieved. When the lady is tired, she stops, and another dance is commenced with fire persons, who now go through the same manoeuvres effected by the five they have replaced. Thus dance after dance is performed in glorious round the room. Shickarian Knowles would call it a "love-chase." A little variety is, however, introduced by occasional set and such as prevent giddiness. Each dance generally lasts a quarter of an hour.—*Knight's Oriental Outlines.*

The Song.

AT THE LATE THEATRE BATH ROYAL.

It was a dream of perfect bliss.
The beautiful to last,
I seem'd to welcome back again
The bright days of the past!
I was a boy—my manor step
Such'd down the village stream,
And I was glad and knew not why—
But oh! it was a dream.

And soon I left the cheiden toy
For tones of manhood's voice.
The beauty of a woman's form,
The sweetness of her voice.
I thought she gave me blossoms love,
And then I married.
And that such love I married.
But oh! it was a dream!

I saw my children round me kneel,
I saw her cheek grow pale,
But saw her fade from these there
A bright distinctive veil.
I thought she lov'd, and that I saw
Our child bend down to her,
And I was happy with my bride—
But oh! it was a dream!

A small Difference, but great Distinction.

A magistrate in Southwark was greatly puzzled, on Wednesday, with the following item in a bill, on which he was about to issue a summons—

To stealing one ass, 3½ cents.

"How is this sir," said his worship, with honest indignation flashing in his countenance, "Eye charge a man three levies for stealing his ass?"

"I do that, sir," said the plaintiff submissively, "and with reasonable it is, at that."

"Reasonable!—you villain; don't you know it will take you to the state's prison?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the alarmed suitor, "never heard of such a thing. Do you call that just?"

"No—I call it earnest; and so you'll find it unless you give Mr. Robbins his ass again immediately."

"Why I was done with it, and gave it to him two weeks ago!"

"Then you may thank your stars he did not prosecute you."

"Prosecute me!—Lord love you, sir, it's I that ought to have sued him before, for he was worry insolent and provoking, when I ax'd him for the money, and wanted to fob me off with a quarter and a half."

"Put him out," said the justice to a constable—"he's the most hare-faced rascal that ever I met with. Steals a man's ass and wants to be paid for it."

The constable was something more of a humorist than his master, and could not refrain from inspect the account, and then cautiously hinted that his honor had mistaken the case. It was not stealing the ass, it—putting steel on the edge of it, that the charge was made.

"Oh,—ay—sure enough, said the 'squire, "are what it is most frequent. Never make out another bill, Mr. Bolowa, without a dictionary at your elbow."—*Ledger.*

A COFFER CONSCIENCE.—Mr. Cutram, on examining a witness of the name of Hall-penny, began with "Hallpenny, I presume you're a cujo, and that reason you shall be nailed to the counter."—"Hallpenny is sterling," exclaimed the opposite counsel. "No, sir," said he, "he's exactly like his own conscience."

NEW NAME.—The editor of the Kennebeck Journal has dignified preserved pumpkin with the high sounding appellation of "domestic citron." What will he say of a crook-necked squash?

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Tribute to Fisher.

BY JOHN MADISON MORTON.

Fisher is dead! Fisher, whose name is at our head to-day, is a man already famous, and destined to be more so in the Roman Catholic church. Of all the converts that have been gained in our city, and though at present the bishop of another diocese, we feel ourselves at liberty to claim him as our own, we propose to introduce him as such in our shadowy procession of her pulpit orators. It is rarely such a one passes in review.

Mr. Hughes came to Philadelphia some years since and officiated in the old St. Joseph's Chapel. His talents soon brought him into notice, and through his exertions the noble building in Thirteenth street was first projected. As the officiating priest of that church he remained till his consecration of the mitre and removal to New York.

In person he is not tall. He has a well developed forehead, and the crown of his head is bare, giving him an older appearance than would otherwise be his. His eyes are grey and deep set, and his nose is strongly aquiline. The whole countenance wears a mixture of intellect and firmness, and bills of a deep reasoner and a somewhat liberal thinker. His appearance in his robes is fine, and he wears the mitre with no common grace.

The style of the Right Reverend Bishop is easy, accurate, and a little diffuse. His delivery and gestures flowed and accompanied the ideas the gestures are generally graceful and fit. His mind is essentially logical, he is always clear in his conclusions, and few are more eloquent in announcing the same tenacity. He states his premises invariably with nerve and clearness, and then proceeds to argue them with an exactness of method. He is a great master of the plausible. His powers of conviction are almost unrivalled. He defends the doctrines of his church with amazing knowledge and a power of reasoning which a liberality of feeling which marks a noble and generous mind. It is this for which we admire him. He is a perfect preacher.

We listened to most of the great oral debate between him and Dr. Breckenridge, and never have we seen an intellectual struggle more gallantly maintained. The two opponents were both men of mind, and the community looked forward to the contest with the deepest interest. The crowded houses did those gentlemen discuss the great question which has wavered more than one hundred years. A nobler spirit could not well be pictured. On the one hand was the calm, warm, glowing, elevating,—on the other was the coolness and insidiousness of the accomplished logician. The one bearing down and overwhelming his opponent, but the other rushing with the impetuosity of the war horse to the battle. Neither were devoid of logic, but the one excelled. Dr. Breckenridge was the greatest orator, but the Right Reverend Bishop was the best dialectician.

That debate has long since passed, but we never shall forget it. It was a searching one to both religions. We scarcely know any men in either church that could have come out shorn if we were defeated, they were too equally matched for that, and a mass of light was thrown upon them matters which every student of history and the human mind will be anxious to appreciate.

The views of the Right Reverend Bishop on the dogmas of his church are more in accordance with the spirit of the age than many of the less protestants suppose. He looks liberally and philosophically on the whole of her claims. Yet he does not reduce them. He only fits them by reason to the advanced intellect of the day, and brings the light of a master mind to bear upon the dimly seen doctrines of the middle ages of Gothic cathedral. The structure is the same, but the appearance is far different.

SKETCHES OF THE BAR.—No. VII.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Col. James Page.

It is a delicate matter, this sketching the members of our bar, and requires nerve and discretion to do it well. But as we have a right to differ in their opinions of a speaker, some admire and most condemn, and all measure him by their own standard of taste, we shall not hesitate to give our honest opinion in for a share of abuse from all, and whether he is correct or not, a portion of his readers is always found to condemn him most especially.

Col. Page is a lawyer of fine reputation, and has been such in Pottsville for many years. But for many years from the practice of his profession, those whose memories can reach back but a little find will remember the figure he then made, and almost regret that his official labors have, perhaps forever, called him from the rough but honorable path of the law. Yet Col. Page as he is a speaker, as well as a lawyer is a gentleman. He was most powerful in addressing a jury. The peculiar cast of his mind—sportive, witty, and humorous, fitted him better for it than for the dry speculations of the profession. To excel in drawing a document, though not often thought so, is a better requirement for a lawyer than to excel in his talent. The one may be acquired by any one and belongs to the lawyer, the other is the gift of nature and is the attribute of the orator.

Col. Page is a very effective speaker at a political meeting, a talent, as invaluable as it is rarely possessed. Nothing is so as a man full of the orator than the readiness with which he fits his sentiments, style, and language, to the various audiences he addresses. The same manner is not alike proper before a senate, a jury, and a political meeting. Power in the latter place is power over all the rest, and the man who can keep a large promiscuous assemblies at his will may exercise an important influence upon the destinies of his country. We know no man in that field the equal of Col. Page.

The appearance of the Colonel is attractive; he is tall, and well-shaped. With an intellectual head, a fine open countenance, and a firmness about all. The play of the mouth, his bearing, when he arises to speak, are admirably calculated to win upon the hearer. His gestures are particularly graceful. His style is witty, playful, winning. At first sight he would seem to be a humorist in his oratory, but so he proceeds you discover that while he is playing his light rapier, darting like lightning from every quarter, he is closely engaged in the vitals of his foe, he is also gathering up proofs from every quarter, strong, and developing the details of his subject, and step by step, and sentence by sentence, weaving the strong web of argument. His political foes assert he is dangerous, but they fear him more than they love him. The sun of the Briton and the setting of the Golden crown alike deathly in his hands.

The debate with Col. Page last evening was sometime directed his mind to other pursuits that those of oratory.

Col. Page has long been a military man. His appearance is essentially a la militaire, and as Captain of the Pottsville he has won for himself and company a character for fine equipments, excellent drilling, and a high tone of gentlemanly courtesy which is rarely equalled, never surpassed. They are a gallant corps.

We have spoken of the graceful gestures of the Colonel. We think altogether that he is in his manner one of the most finished men in the country. For case and dignity Mr. Fuller is the mean and elegance of their movements.

The Vanishing of the Herd.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I feel that the good have received a blessing on me by helping me to think rightly of the world."

Rev. Orville Dewey

Call'st them the dead our brothers?

Must we come
And call among the clouds, and say our say
To the damp caverns of the lonely mountain,
And listen for their lore? There brooklets no sound
From all their mossy sides and stone-hung arches,
Save that through rustling grass the low winds sweep,
And stir the branches of yon dark-browed pines,
In solemn undertone.

Yet then, say'st

The dead are teachers.

Would they stretch their hands,
And on our tablets write a single thought
How would we hoard it in our heart of hearts!
Would we not treasure it? Ah! we do!

Oh, silence! twin with wisdom! I would prove
My lip upon you cradled infant's grave,
And learn the mystic lore that sleeps at home.
A mother's young pride is her beautiful,
And how! that heart's joys twined! Ours, too, are frail,
Like hers. The bow'ret in the reaper's path
Is not more surely given to the sickle's sweep.

Read I thy brave right, my little one?
Thy lip that the strong nerve endures well—
The tall, proud man, who towered like Israel's king,
With head above the people. Yet, his trial,
Was not to walk, but labor, when Death touched home
The fairest stone? "I dare to doubt" should be
The noblest watch-word of the sons of earth.
And the deep teaching of such lonely creed
Best search from the dead.

Ah! let me kneel
Here, on this mound, where sleeps my early friend,
And we not her words, in brotherly love,
Speak to them not to me?—then, whose loving voice
Can'st me down level key-board of the soul?
Where, lost in lonely haunts, we wandered long,
Shunning the crowd?

Dear to thine, ever to me
In this consecrating time, where other eye sports
Make lasting sanctioned, even now, it seems
I loved thee not enough. Say, is it so,
My lost companion? How might I better work
I might have said to thee, yet said them not?
Were there not higher fields of generous thought,
And nobler trophies on Life's rugged steep,
To which I might have urged thee?

Blind! and weak!
I thought to have thee ever by my side,
To lean upon my love, and hold it dear
A hidden wing, and prove thine anger forth
Into the storm and sunshine of the world.
The passing day, now with anointed death,
Has sealed the record of our love.
Lead the sweetest future. So thy tomb
Shall be my blest instructor, and I'll go
Where it is not, to learn the truth of life,
Amid the thoughtful minister on of life.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Kissing by Moonlight.

BY OLIVER OLDSTYLE.

"It is a bad habit," as the old gentleman by moonlight, under the willows on a summer eve, particularly if there is a liquid blue-eye in question, up-gazing as they were such an unbecoming position for her to be caught putting your arm around a blue-eyed damsel of a moonlight night, and whispering sof things in her unwilling ear. Don't do it. You stop and stand a flirtation with a Houri—a dark-eyed beauty of the Prophet—blow his head!—but these blue-eyes—they play the very devon with a man of sentiment. I speak from experience in this matter, and I know, that a blue-eye, will do more to lure away a heart, than an only tongue.

She is a beautiful girl, upwards of sixteen summers, with a laughing, yet mischievous blue eye, and a step so light, that you might think a fairy was moving before you. Her chestnut hair was thrown in loose curls over her shoulders, which were finely rounded, and so slightly formed, as to disclose a bust swelling up to the fullness and freshness of womanhood. There was an arch expression in her countenance, as the moon-light fell upon it, and her cheek was quite playfully around her head,—and a conscious pride in her step, as she bounded along over the green sward, like a young fawn full glory. I shall never forget the cast of my uncle's eye, as he tapped me on the shoulder and said, "What do you think of Ellen, Oliver?"

"Why what a queer question! What do I think of Ellen?"

"Yes, boy! what do you think of Ellen? Do you never think of her? Lord love you! what is the matter with the boy! Your face looks like a full moon in harvest! What 's the use of blushing for I can see the stone? Can't you tell me what you think of her?"

"Why—yes—uncle, I can tell you, but you ask such a strange questions. I think cousin Ellen is a very nice girl."

"Ah! you think she is a very nice girl, ha! Pon my word, that 's a good joke. But what makes you so silent when you are together. I hope you are not offended at each other?"

"Offended at each other! *I offended* at Ellen! Why uncle, what could put that in your head! I hope I have 'nt looked as if I was angry?"

"Oh no, Oliver, you did 'nt exactly look so, but then you are so very still. But I see how it is, you had rather be alone. I shall return to the house, and take a whiff or two of tobacco. I shall 'nt tell a word after supper. But do 'nt wander too far children! The moon is just peeping over the hill, and as the sun sinks, the grass will become damp. You may take a stroll down by the woods yonder, but do 'nt remain out long."

My cousin had turned her face toward us as her father left us to return to the house, and now stood like a startled fawn, trembling as I approached. I could see the blood shooting up from her temporary bosom, as I approached and perceived a slight compression of her lips and a tremor in her frame, as I laid my hand on her arm, which was partly bare.

My own breast throbbed with unusual emotions, as I was left alone with the sweet little cousin, into whose eyes I had so often gazed, with unobservable emotions, and felt a better confidence in myself, as I placed her arm in mine and led her down the grassy hill.

"Oliver," said she sweetly, "do you see the moon peeping through the foliage of the trees just above the woods after all, over the hill? See how she *smiles* along until the fleecy clouds! How you ever wandered whether that is really a world like ours?"

"Yes, Ellen, I think I have, but then I scarcely think I should like the inhabitants so well to do our own for all."

"And why, cousin ?"

"You could not be there, Ellen."

"Oh, Oliver, do 'nt talk so. I like to wander out of a moonlight eve, to talk with one I—I—I—suspect, and to commune with such an eye upon the glories of an evening sky. How rich every thing seemed to seems. Away off in the west there, the clouds hang like golden curtains, and those fleecy gauze-like ones, away up in the heavens, look like silver veils, floating along in the deep blue expanse of heaven. In 'nt it strange that we should be such thinkers, thoughtless creatures! after all that God has done for us, to render this world of ours a beautiful and happy place to dwell in. One would think our hearts ought ever to flow out in gratitude to Him, that we should think such as we. And yet how we murmur!"

"True, Ellen! we are too unmindful of His goodness and mercies, and too much inclined to little of our indebtedness for all His kindness toward us. I have frequently given way to the same train of thought, when alone, and when I know; and as I have gazed upon the distant hill top, lured in the rich and mellow light of the setting sun, and listened to the faint chirp of the evening birds, as I have sat by the window in summer; deep and strong thoughts arose within me, and the soul, like an imprisoned bird, seemed to pant for freedom, and long to be away to the home far above the blue sky."

"I am glad cousin——but hush—what is that sound? Listen, Oliver! It is a bird startled from its covert. Hark at the distant notes of poor 'Bob White' from yonder brake! He is calling to his mate. Hark to the answer from yonder meadow!"

"Ellen, let us take a stroll down by yonder old oak, and see our bird. I am reminded of Morris's song, and unconsciously exclaim, 'Let that Old Oak Stand.'"

"You are growing sentimental, cousin. But how dump the old oak has not deserted into the valley. Wrap this lone shawl closer around me! What a deep green the grass assumes to the shadows! Ah! there is a bird, I see, with the rapier rises from the meadow. But see, there comes the moon! We will sit down and watch her—pale maiden of the sky! How many stars come out one by one, in the deep blue of heaven—and that faint line of light along the horizon, how it melts into gloom."

"Ah! let us hope, cousin, to hear you talk so. Now I should like always to be with you, that we might gaze upon the sky together, and drink in high delight, as we talked over the beauties of nature."

"But, Oliver, you will stay with us all the summer months, and we will take our rambles together down by this old oak, and I will sing to you your favorite song; and I am sure that for my sake, the mockingbird will not be silent."

"Yes! but Ellen, then comes the long session at College, and I shall be away—far away from you—and then the long vacation, when I shall be together, and took our strolls by moonlight, in preference to all other company."

"Why, Oliver! you do 'nt think that I could forget you?"

"And why not, cousin ?"

"Why?—why—I hardly know."

"Yet you do 'nt know! Can you have so regard for me ? You do 't in—respect me ?"

"Oliver, how can you talk so? But—do 't—Oliver!"

"Why not, dearest! Will you love me when I am gone ?"

"Love you ?"

"Yes! will you ?"

She leaned her head heavily upon my arm, and I breathed away the clustered curls from her fair forehead and kissed the tears away, as they chased each other rapidly over her crimson cheek. I shall never forget it Jerry! Nor how my uncle affected to scold at our prolonged ramble and—and.

"And, you make her Mrs. Oldfellow. Egad! —I know she would have kissed from the very end of her eye. Here 's a bumper to her and the children.

"Ah, Jerry, you 're a connoisseur in such matters, I see! I know you were a rare fellow at such business, ever since I learned how you stole away from the party, and were little—and, with only sorries about buffalo hunts beyond the Rocky Mountains. I would n't trust you, and do you see, alone with a blue-eyed lassie. You 've such a leg for dancing, and such an eye for a pair of ankles, keen-hawk, too, how much of your own experience was blended with that tale ?"

"Come, Oliver, now of that, 'tan' ye love me.' But take another glass in remembrance of our early days."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

By a Subscriber.

I am very common place boy at home
I'm always in poetry; always in prose;
The first of January, the first of the year.
Yet only in April, I truly appear.
I 'm first in the morning, and first at fun,
And yet in September I'm noticed by all.
I 'm first in the evening, and first in bed,
With the proud and the princely I also am found;
I 'm first in the spring, and first in the fall,
I remain without fawning as onward she runs
I cannot be seen in the sea, or the moon.
Nor yet in the planets, though very common
I can always in parents, young, and in pain.
I 'm found in no song you ever do hear,
And, should you in rhyme prove acquaintance with me
You will discover, my name, you 've guessed it.

Our correspondent will observe that we have much amended the measure and language of the above.

NEWS FOR THE FARMER.

Treatment of Broken Limbs of Horses.

To the Editor of the Franklin Farmer:

Dear Sir—Being a great lover of stock, and desiring more pleasure by contributing to that part of animated nature that cannot make its wants known to man, than from any other source, and having noticed in your paper that no doc has met with a misfortune that may prove fatal, I have thought it to give you the result of my practice and that of others with whom I have a luck last spring. I feel much hesitation in doing this, being well apprized that Medor is in the neighborhood, and as every one knows he must be pronounced in the west; but as cures are frequently the result of accident as well as the effect of skill, I hope you will pardon me for this, and if not, you may be pardoned for suggesting his opinion, even to the sage—but to my subject. We have had a number of fractured limbs among our horses and cattle, and in every instance we have found that the best way to treat them is to put on splints, and bandage them as tight as they can be endured, and then they could be, if they were permitted to touch the ground; I determined to make the experiment, and have never failed in a single instance. I have upon his lungs affected his breathing very much, and upon his bowels produced great costiveness. Hence every thing has been done to relieve him, and he is now running about, whenever he moved, and quite crossed when he touched the ground. I have also used the splints and bandage in cases of the limb swinging